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THEATRE MAGAZINE

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Photo Schwarz

Alfred Lunt and Billie Burke in "The Intimate Strangers"

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Editorial

Drive the Money Changers Out

THE present theatrical season has proved so disastrous that the managers are at their wits' end how to stem the ever-rising tide of adversity. Failure follows failure. Bad and indecent plays, together with the high price of seats, made even more expensive through the pernicious activities of the ubiquitous and seemingly irrepressible ticket speculator, have driven away the larger theatregoing public.

Out-of-towners, reckless for the moment as to what they spend, still flock to Broadway from their native Main Streets to see Vice brazenly exploited on the New York stage, but that is only a fluctuating, irresponsible public, not always to be depended upon. The real, substantial public stays aloof. Many playgoers, those who, in the days of Wallack and Daly, were the best patrons of the drama, today avoid these theatres as they would a pest house.

So critical is the situation that W. A. Brady issued an emergency call to fellow managers, actors, critics, to meet and discuss ways of remedying an unprecedented situation. Of course, nothing came of Mr. Brady's well-meant gesture. Every manager continues to go his own individual way. The too many theatres must be kept open. Enough new plays, even salacious plays, not being available, recourse is had to old material, and so we get an epidemic of revivals, "Alias Jimmy Valentine"; "The Easiest Way"; "Trilby"; "The Squaw Man"; "The Chocolate Soldier"; "The Merry Widow"; "Bought and Paid For," shaking off the dust of years to again parade their ghosts before the footlights.

There is no blinking one's eyes to the truth. Our stage is in a parlous state. Conditions are worse than they have been for thirty-six years. Something must be done if the legitimate theatre is to endure. The real estate speculators, the panderers, the money changers must be driven from the dramatic temple. The grand, divine, eternal Drama, freed from indecency and sordid commercialism, must again reign.

What is the remedy? There is only one—the repertory theatre. The establishment of a high class house, where art will be well and faithfully served, and in which the highest standards will be maintained—that alone will bring back to the fold the vast army of intelligent theatregoers, and restore to our theatre its pristine brilliancy and *éclat*.

The time was never more ripe than today for the repertory theatre idea. This is the psychological moment for putting to a test the experiment we urged in our last issue—the establishment of a theatre that shall be intelligently directed by a man who really loves the theatre as an art, a theatre that shall be made independent of the box office, so that a manager would not feel himself compelled to put on disgusting plays in order to meet his expenses. If Stuart Walker is able to make an artistic and financial success of a repertory theatre in Indianapolis—which we know he actually did last Summer, why

should not the experiment be given a fair trial on Broadway?

It takes years to develop a policy or tradition or ideal—whatever one may wish to call it—and much care to prevent that policy from becoming rigid or pedantic. It takes years to develop actors and the spirit of ensemble, which is the very essence of successful repertory work. Our actors of today are developed as individual types and this method does not produce the best results. They are not trained in types of work and for that reason many fine works of dramatic literature are lost to us.

A play is like a piece of music and its success is largely dependent upon its *playing*. No matter how great your conductor, he can not achieve a great effect with an inferior musical organization, and if he wants to mold an orchestra to his will and vision he must have time. A theatre—and by theatre one has in mind a building and its contents which cover everything connected with a theatre from the real estate to the final act of assembling and organizing an audience—is like an orchestra; and its component parts, however individually perfect, are of little permanent value unless they work together. Our symphony orchestras are nursed along for years, not only here in New York but throughout the country. Nowhere in this country have we a big theatre that has the same relation to the drama that an orchestra, or an opera company has to music. In a very few years we have achieved much in music. The musicians are not engaged for a single concert. They are engaged for a season and several seasons if possible.

The objection has been offered that actors can not be held to a repertory theatre because "commercial" managers will take them away. If an actor were engaged by the year or two or three years at a just salary I doubt if he would want to break his contract. There would always be actors leaving the organization, however, and it would be the business of the institution never to allow itself to become the slave of a single personality.

A repertory theatre would develop actors. The so-called commercial manager—the man who puts his money into the theatre and is entitled to get the utmost from his investment—could borrow actors from a big repertory theatre if the actors wanted to be loaned and if, in the borrowing, they found the sort of personality that modern "stars" are made of, well and good. That fact would not hurt the reputation of the theatre. Indeed, it would make it easier for the theatre to draw recruits into its ranks.

The repertory—the play list—ought to include everything in Drama that is worth while. A production of Aristophanes should not interfere at all with the appearance of some undiscovered modern Sophocles. But it takes time to develop a repertory, which can not leap full-grown, like Minerva, into existence. And to keep a repertory alive, an organization has to be held together.

PLAY TOLD IN PICTURES

Scenes in Zoe Akins' Drama "The Varying Shore"

The ghost of Julie Leland (Elsie Ferguson) appears to her old lover (Charles Francis) and philosophises over her past gay life

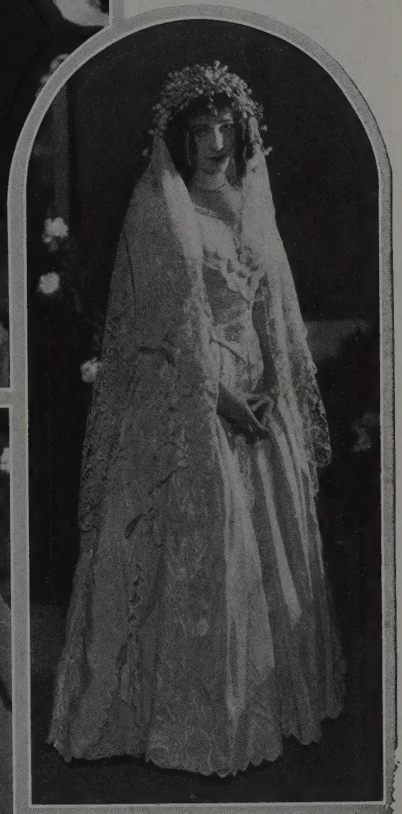


Photos White

The adored mistress of Vernon Baird (Clyde North) Julie is ideally happy until one day she learns that Vernon has fallen in love with a girl whom he wants to marry



Richard (Rollo Peters) cannot understand why his mother (Elsie Ferguson) objects to his betrothal



Unable to face a "gunshot marriage," Julie decides to run away from home



ELSIE FERGUSON AS A NEW CAMILLE

Zoe Akins—A Playwright With Ideas

Author of "Daddy's-Gone-A-Hunting" and Other Successes Seeks the Internals of Drama

By JOHN VAN DOREN

I WAS ushered into a small, compactly furnished room and left to decide for myself which of the several expensive-looking pieces of period upholstery I should recline upon. I find—this, as an outcome of my peregrinations among the race—that successful playwrights are prone to buy more lovely things than they seem able to cope with. Their habitations are attended almost invariably by an agreeable clutter, each atom of which is usually far too charming to permit of its disposition. This makes for marked restriction of movement—but also, thanks to a keen artistic taste based on sound dramatic (or should I say theatrical?) tenets—makes for fascinating rooms. It was in one such I found myself. Bells—all kinds of bells—were ringing all about me. The place not only looked successful, but sounded it as well!

Twice the object of my little journey sped across my vision on her hurried way to accomplish things that had to be done before she could settle down for a little chat with the readers of the THEATRE MAGAZINE. My large journalistic ear caught references to some other reporter "down in the studio hunting for manuscripts." Ha! So I was not alone in the field! Then there were whispered words about what to have for luncheon, what gowns should be ironed and when the open fire should be lit in the living-room. Finally, it was Zoe Akins, the housekeeper, rather than Zoe Akins, the playwright, that swept efficiently and permanently into the room and made housewifely apologies for this and that and the other thing, none of which, in my obtuse male way, I had noticed at all.

BUT I love it all just the same—this pottering around the apartment—and keeping it up so that it's a home and not a mere perch. How *can* people live in hotels when—oh, well, what's the use!"

With a colorful gesture she indicated what she thought of women who shun the home-building job. Not only women with a profession, but also those without one. It was a great opportunity for an interviewer from some *Ladies' Own Journal* to get the biggest art versus domesticity story since Fannie Hurst's recent break-fastless marriage! But, alas! I was there for the THEATRE.

Miss Akins rushed to the telephone for an instant, turned some one down with infinite grace, and returned to me. She was sitting at her desk, an ancient and massive carved piece but scarcely much larger than the interesting old chest on which she sat. It looked prodigiously uncomfortable, backless and grim. So it was on this relentless reminder of life's rough spots that she had indited such plays as "Deçassée," "Daddy's-Gone-A-Huntin'" and "The Varying Shore"! One seemed to

scent some of the chest's philosophy in them!

"I keep my rejected manuscripts in this chest!" smiled Miss Akins following my eye, "They—remind me."

"It can't be very full."

"Tush—and again tush! I've written plays ever since I was no higher than the chest I'm sitting on. For years I wrote and wrote and could do nothing with it all. Then the editor of the THEATRE MAGAZINE took pity on me, and bought a poem of mine. That began my professional career as a writer. Since then, things have gone more or less swimmingly."

AND the plays began to go?"

"Yes—but more slowly. A comedy was produced in the West, hailed as a masterpiece, but New York sniffed at it. The real thing began when Arthur Hopkins saw a short play of mine, "The Magical City," produced by the Washington Square Players some time ago, and wrote asking me to visit him the next time I came to New York. But when it came to the matter of eating, it was a long time before I could stop doing fiction for the magazines. In fact, I haven't stopped doing that yet!"

Zoe Akins laughed quietly and lit a cigarette for herself in business-like fashion before I could volunteer my services. She impressed me, as I studied her while she spoke, as singularly youthful, with a humor behind her eyes that suggested lighter things than the tense dramatic products and the tragic, restless endings that had been shaped for the world on that old, carved desk. Yet, the face was serious, individual. It was that of a woman, a fighting woman with ideas, who was beating her own wide trail through the meshes of dramatic art. Yes, the brain could play with the comic, but the soul was too troubled to take life in any way but seriously. I sensed an infinite spiritual quality.

"You believe in hitching your play-wagons to a star?"

THAT'S been chance and good casting largely," she replied. "Deçassée simply had to have Ethel Barrymore, just as we waited over a year for Marjorie Rambeau before putting on 'Daddy's-Gone-A-Huntin'.' Mr. Hopkins was resolved to get the right woman for the part, feeling—and quite rightly—that to get any but the right one was sure death to the production. If more managers went about their casting in that deliberate way there wouldn't be as many failures in New York as there are. The way plays are being hurled on the boards these days is little short of ludicrous. But don't get me on that—let's see, we were talking about stars—oh, yes—then Elsie Ferguson simply had

to do the saintly sinner of my 'Varying Shore.' I'm fortunate enough, apparently, to think up parts that not only need prominent players, but also, that prominent players need.

"And, believe me, it's a blessing to have them. I've seen enough of rehearsing and theatrical directing to realize that the only ones who really permit themselves to be moulded properly into a rôle are the really *big* people on the stage. The little ones fret and chaff, get temperamental and balk and think that their art is being interfered with. But the real artists not only willingly accept hearing the point of view of the author and director, but also make every effort to profit by it. I can always tell the calibre of an actor or actress by the way they take direction and act upon it. The small ones simply *can't*. Also, they *won't*. Unfortunately, the stage world is full of the latter and still more unfortunately they continue getting pretty good parts!"

As though to leave them as far behind as possible, Miss Akins abandoned her chest and desk and joined me on a massive settee that bespoke still more massive royalties.

"What with the number of plays you're turning out, I should judge that you don't leave that desk very often."

"More often than I care to, as a matter of fact. Demands on one are endless in New York—"

"Then how *do* you do it?"

She smiled again.

AT times, I wonder myself how things all fit in. I suppose it's largely the product of periodic concentrated effort. I shut myself away from the world as it were—from my friends, from everyone and go hard after something which is usually by that time, pretty well in mind. Sometimes such moments come to me in spite of myself. I had one during my work on 'Daddy's-Gone-A-Huntin'.' A bad bronchitis kept me unwillingly in bed and quarantined and resulted, incidentally, in letting me write almost half the play during the short siege. I actually did an entire act in one day!"

"Stories are told that you think up entire plays in less time than that!"

"I have luck that way, I suppose. I've told you about Arthur Hopkins writing to me to come to see him when I arrived in New York. Well, I did. He was at Fort Lee then, directing a picture and I jaunted over to the Palisades for my interview. I had to wait hours it seemed, but finally he announced that he could break away and offered to take me back to town in his car.

"Arthur Hopkins is a man of few words as I soon learned. I uttered a few commonplaces but nothing came forth for several minutes, (Continued on page 124)



Photo Bruguiere

SCENE IN "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA"

Gay's famous old work, the recent revival of which, in England and here, delighted London audiences for 1000 nights, but left New Yorkers somewhat cold, is to tour America from coast to coast this season with the original London company. Pictured above are Macheath (Percy Heming), Prince of Highwaymen, with his wife and bride-to-be Polly Peachum and Lucy Lockit (Sylvia Nelis and Vera Hurst) singing "*How Happy Could I Be With Either Were 'T'other Dear Charmer Away.*"

William Shakespeare's Own Handwriting

Manuscript now in the British Museum believed to have been penned by the world's greatest poet

By BENJAMIN de CASSERES

E. H. SOTHERN, Shakespearean actor and scholar, has returned to America from London with photographs, taken by himself, and other documents, which he believes will do more to explode the Baconian theory of the authorship of Shakespeare's plays than anything which has hitherto been adduced by those, like himself, who adhere to the ancient belief that the author of the great tragedies and comedies was no less a person than William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon.

The photographs in the case are reproductions of three pages of manuscript in the British Museum. The manuscripts are parts of "The Booke of Sir Thomas More," by Anthony Mundy (and others). It is known in the museum as the Harleian MS. 7368. It was written about 1590.

THESE three pages were written by William Shakespeare," said Mr. Sothern, "and I am basing my judgment not only on my own comparison of the writing with the six signatures of Shakespeare extant—three to other legal documents and three to his will—but I find myself backed up by Sir Edward Maunde Thompson in his remarkable study of these three sheets of manuscript in the British Museum in his book entitled 'Shakespeare's Handwriting' published by the Clarendon Press at Oxford, in 1916. This book—momentous at any other time—passed unnoticed because of the war. And, of course, the Baconians have not exerted themselves overmuch to bring such evidence into the spotlight of publicity."

"I stumbled on the documents quite by accident only two months ago while, one afternoon, Mr. Sothern and I were walking through the manuscript room of the British Museum more for the purpose of killing time than anything else."

"I had long been familiar with the six specimens of Shakespeare's handwriting extant, and I know not what sudden association in my mind drew me, unconsciously, it may be, toward these three sheets of manuscript."

"At the bottom of the first, and most legible, of the sheets, this card was attached:—

"NOTE OF THE BOOKE OF SIR THOMAS MORE."

"Supposed Shakespeare's Handwriting."

"The Booke of Sir Thomas More," by Anthony Mundy (and others).

"Toward the end of the 16th century the original MS. was revised after submission to the censor. The name of one of the players suggests that the company who proposed to act it were those known in 1592 as Lord Strange's Men, for whom Shakespeare was writing. The greater part of this, the only extant MS. of the play, which was probably never performed, is in Mundy's handwriting, but there are excisions and also insertions, apparently attempts to satisfy the censor's requirements. The additions being in several hands, one of these passages, of which the open pages form part, may well, it has been suggested, be an *autograph* composition of Shakespeare's." This suggestion was first made by Mr. Richard Simpson in 1871 and supported by James Spedding and others and more recently by Sir Edward Maunde Thompson ('Shakespeare's Handwriting,' 1916).

"Believe as you List," by Philip Massinger, and Ben Jonson's 'Masques' are the only known *autograph* works of any known dramatist of the Elizabethan period."

"I immediately asked permission to photograph these sheets, which was willingly accorded, although the man in charge of that department of the Museum did not know who I was and did not ask my name."

"Besides the mere facts stated in the card attached to the manuscripts and the suggestions and references, there are two important statements made which should be of great importance to Shakespearean and Baconian zealots alike. Of the latter, I mean not those who are mere faddists and 'cranks,' but those who are honestly convinced that Lord Bacon wrote the play;

and there are many who do so believe."

"This drama written around Sir Thomas More, you will note, was submitted to the censor—for political excisions. Every play in those days had to undergo the ordeal of the shears and pencil. Lord Strange's Men, the company that was to produce 'Sir Thomas More,' had for one of its employees Shakespeare. What is more probable that, when the manager of that company was told by the censor he had to rewrite several of the passages because of offences in utterances against the royal family or those high in political favor, that he should send for his man of all work, Shakespeare, to tone down the passages?"

"Shakespeare was a man of all work around the stage—he wrote, produced and acted."

"The last paragraph of the explanatory card is also significant. What has become of the manuscripts of Shakespeare's plays? ask the Baconians triumphantly. What has become of all the manuscripts of the well-known dramatists of that era?—I reply. There are only two extant—one by Philip Massinger and the other by Ben Jonson."

WRITING for the stage at that time was a trade, an every-day occupation, much as it is today. The parts that were written for the actors were probably held to be worthless as manuscript after they were printed and went to the wastebasket, as they do today. As most of the best and most famous of the plays that are written today are done on a typewriter, there is often no manuscript at all.

"Shakespeare, with those of his day and time not having any conception of his immortality, never dreamed of preserving his manuscript. If any of the manuscripts are ever found, it is likely they will be found

buried somewhere with a lot of 'trash.'

"After some trouble I got a copy of 'Shakespeare's Handwriting,' by Sir Edward Maunde Thompson. This book subjects to microscopic and exhaustive examination every letter in the six extant authenticated signatures of Shakespeare and compares them with the handwriting of the 'Sir Thomas More' manuscript. Sir Edward Maunde Thompson comes to the conclusion, that despite the scanty examples of

(Continued on page 124)

Part of a manuscript believed to have been written by Shakespeare himself, the handwriting bearing a marked resemblance to the authentic specimens of the poet's signature



Photo Maurice Goldberg

MIRIAM AND IRENE MARMEIN

Mother Goose put to rhythm is the realization of the childhood play of these sisters who used to amuse themselves by dancing and pantomime. Maurice Browne discovered them and arranged their debut and since then they have been delighting Keith audiences with their original dances and costumes.

SERGE OUKRAINSKY

Formerly a partner of Pavlowa, this Russian character dancer shared her success and fame. At present he is the *premier danseur* of the Chicago Opera Company and in addition conducts, with his partner Pavley, a school of dancing. He is shown here in his "Dagger Dance"



Photo Mishkin

NURSERY RHYMES AND PAGANISM IN THE DANCE

A New Magician of the Stage

Russian Inventor Makes Startling Scenic Transformations without the Aid of Settings

By CAROL BIRD

THE theatre-going public has had so many scenic surprises sprung on it during the last few years that it is hard to convince it that there are any more surprises left. When John Murray Anderson breezed over from England with his marvellous new stage settings, his silver curtain, his new lighting devices, his "motif" scenes, it was believed that he must necessarily be the last of the scenic artists to revolutionize theatre stage-setting. He was called, and aptly, "a Revolutionist in the Theatre." And now comes another revolution. Enter the Scenic Magician!

Instead of wielding a magic wand, this new artist of the theatre simply presses an electric light button, and, lo! transformations which are almost supernatural, come to pass. You are gazing at a Moorish interior—a room of warm, rich draperies, exotic, mysterious, and romantic—and before you have had a chance to properly study the odd furniture which adorns it, you find yourself staring at a conventional English garden. The lovely enchantress who was lolling on a luxurious divan in the Moorish den has become a mild, old English woman, caring for her precious flowers.

NICHOLAS DE LIPSKY, a young Russian, is the artist-inventor, who has shown the theatre-public that there are still unopened bags of tricks. He has been in this country about a year. The manner in which he developed his idea for his scene transformation invention is interesting. How he came to be an expert on the combination of color and light, bringing his knowledge of science and art into his invention, is almost fictional in development. Mr. De Lipsky was born in Petrograd about twenty-five years ago. He attended the Imperial Arts Academy in Russia, the Polytechnic University, where he studied engineering, and the Imperial Conservatoire of Music. He also studied chemistry. It is to the knowledge of these combined arts and sciences that he attributes the success of his invention—an invention so simple, and the appliances used in carrying it out so elementary, that one wonders why it had never been thought of years ago.

In addition to his other studies, Mr. De Lipsky took up photography, and while engaged in this work, he commenced to observe how certain chemicals caused certain parts of the picture to appear on negatives and others to disappear. Before he could experiment further with this discovery, the war broke out and he became a page in the Imperial Russian corps. While on parade one day, he noticed that the belt of red cord and blue tassels on one of the officers in front of him underwent a transformation of color as the soldier moved in and out of the lights thrown on him by a red window and a

blue one. The young page noticed that under the red light the red cord became white, and the blue tassel quite black. He found that under the blue light the red became black and the blue white. Then he began to observe that this phenomenon was apparent all through Nature—that flowers, birds, insects, underwent this change constantly.

And so, in this casual manner, a great scenic transformation idea came into



Photo Townsend

NICHOLAS DE LIPSKY

Russian color and light artist who has brought a new invention to the theatre

being. Dulcy might well observe that: "Truth is stranger than fiction." A marching page with swarming, embryo, undeveloped ideas; a parade in Russia; two colored windows; a set of tassels on an officer's belt; a ray of sunlight. This odd, conglomerate combination—and what comes of it? The Great Idea, which, as happens to hundreds of other great ideas, born in foreign lands, is developed and brought over to America, the country which always welcomes anything new, *bizarre*, entertaining, and which is always willing to pay for such novelties, and to pay well for them.

So it was that when the war ended, Mr. De Lipsky began to apply his discoveries and principles to the transformation of scenes in the theatre, and the results were amazing and satisfying. In London he gave an exhibition of his work, and Queen Mary, and Queen Victoria, of Spain, took great interest in it. Anna Pavlowa, dancing in London, always interested in any advance in any phase of art, gave the young artist an order for a number of sets for her ballets. When Madame Pavlowa started for America, she offered

the young Russian some sound advice. She suggested that he invade America with his invention, assuring him that his great opportunities were there, where theatre managers were always looking for beautiful novelties. So, following his countrywoman's advice, De Lipsky came to America, which is the first country to use his invention on a large scale.

But, first, a bit about the invention itself. It is useless to describe it in technical fashion, as it would scarcely be understood, simple as it actually is. The fundamental principle employed is the known fact that certain lights superimposed upon each other, neutralize themselves, and become white or invisible. On the other hand, other colors used in this way become darker and more intense. A red light thrown on violet draperies will intensify the red and neutralize the blue. A blue light will have the opposite effect. Between the two extremes, there are all the intermediate color tone changes.

SCENE artists like Joseph Urban have made, in a rudimentary way, use of this principle by painting their back drops in two or more colors, but not as Mr. De Lipsky does, by putting on the paint in large masses, but in small spots, and which, under certain lights, blend when viewed from a distance, giving the impression of an even mass of color. In this way, a black drop painted with points of color, in the impressionistic way of Monet, Manet, Sisly and other exponents of pointillisme, may be made to take on different hues, according to the light rays under which they are subjected.

This principle is carried further by Mr. De Lipsky. He has learned to mix colors so that under certain lights some of them disappear from view entirely, and with them disappear the whole design which they outlined. And as they disappear, a design painted in contrasting colors, becomes visible. It is this disappearance of a complete picture, and the appearance of another picture, painted on the same drop in other colors, and brought to view by a change in the hue of the light thrown upon the scene, that distinguishes this artist's method from the old one of scene painting.

For instance, he paints three superimposed scenes upon one canvas. When a strong light of defined color is thrown upon the canvas, a landscape, say, appears. The electric light switch is turned, another color is thrown upon the scene, and instantaneously, it seems to melt away into nothingness, and, as it melts, another, totally different scene, appears, an interior of a country home, perhaps. The illusion is striking, sudden, and startling.

Mr. De Lipsky has a studio in the Hotel des Artistes, and here, with small models of his stage sets, he demonstrated how he achieves his transformation effects. He



Photo Ira L. Hill

LEONORE ULRIC

Remarkable versatility shown in a wide range of picturesque rôles, from Luana, the Indian girl in "The Heart of Wetona," by way of "Tiger Rose," to Lien Wha, the Chinese girl in "The Son-Daughter"—such is the record of this favorite Belasco star who has now added a new stage portrait to her cosmopolitan gallery—that of the impish, mischievous, altogether loveable little French gamin in "Kiki."

used a diminutive stage set of "Dionysius," the new ballet Pavlowa appeared in, at the Manhattan Opera House, early in November. The scene was a Greek temple, in front of which stood a statue of Dionysius, in an isolated location. On one side was a huge, overhanging group of cliffs. Mr.

De Lipsky explained that some of the clouds in the backgrounds, would later develop into the second scene. Two scenes were superimposed, but only one was visible. Mr. De Lipsky then placed a lighted electric bulb back of a red disk. Then it was that the dominant scene in the duet became alive. The clouds and shadows disappeared, and the bleakness and solitude was emphasized. Slowly the red light was lowered, and supplanted gradually by a blue light. As if by magic, the Greek temple, with its cold and lonely cliffs, melted into a nocturnal garden of great beauty, drenched in moonlight. Pavlowa's vigil before the Greek God's shrine was suddenly and magically turned into a vision of Tanagra vase figures dancing a fantasy—a nocturne bacchanale. The cliffs, clouds and shadows were gone, and in their place trees appeared, and flowers of warmth and color.

The same miracle seems to occur in a De Lipsky setting used at the Criterion theatre. Mr. De Lipsky painted a cyclorama of two settings, an exterior and an interior. The contrast of these two scenes was striking. One, a temple of the fire Goddess, the Goddess of Summer, was all intensity—warmth, passion, rosy coloring, and life, the dancing figures showing a zest for living in their gay abandon of movement. And while the audience looks on, charmed by this gay, bright scene, it slowly fades away, and instantaneously, there appeared a cold exterior—a Winter scene, with snow and frost on the ground, with trees outlined with frost, and the dancing figures become creatures of winter, in cold, white raiment, and with even their bright locks a frosty white.

It was not strange that when the young Russian artist first came to this country, he should join forces with John Murray Anderson, exponent of scenic innovations of varied nature. His first work over here appeared in the last Greenwich Village Follies, when the transformation was used

merely through a harmony of design, color and light. I have merely brought the scientific to serve artistic ends. It was Madame Pavlowa who first gave me the idea of trying out my invention in America, and now I realize that this most assuredly is the country in which to bring

new and novel creations. The New York theatre field is a particularly fertile one. Theatre managers are always ready to welcome the new and the *bizarre*, the beautiful and the unusual. European countries are not so hungry for novelties, and neither have they the money to pay for them.

"The more I work on my transformation scenic effects, the more I realize that they can be used in more ways than

one. The theatre is not the only place for them, though, here, of course, is the greatest demand for them. They can be used in the opera, and they can be used in private homes. The idea could be carried out in draperies, wall papers, and upholstery, even in gowns worn by women not in the world of the theatre."

Immediately, one conjures up pictures of the chameleon lady and her chameleon-like home. You are having tea with her in a room done in soft grey and blue. She wears a simple blue frock. You turn your head from her for an instant, and when you glance at her again, she wears a dashing red gown, and the room looks like a Turkish Sultan's. You do not tell the artist of this amusing and ridiculous imaginary occurrence for fear of interrupting his trend of thought. He continues:

"The same principle can be used in applying the invention to the transformation of costumes and

make-up. Not only can a scene be changed, but so can the costume and faces of the players. A girl of glorious youth, beautiful and entrancing, can be transformed into a haggard, wrinkled beggar woman, clad in rags. People can be made to presumably disappear, also, by the same lighting process."



Courtesy Bohemians, Inc.

UNDER THE RED RAYS

A scene in "The Greenwich Village Follies." The effect devised by Mr. de Lipsky is a partnership between paints on canvas and light from the wings

in a romantic dream scene. A young couple, in love; and possessing vivid imaginations, are seated in a conventional salon. They wish themselves into a land of Romance, and instantly, they are shown in a Venetian garden. Even their raiment seems to be of different design and hue. Together, the British scenic artist and the Russian one, are now working out a number of new things—pantomimes, fantasies, and the like. Mr. De Lipsky is also working on some new sets for Pavlowa, to be



UNDER THE BLUE RAYS

The change from the scene below is effected by merely switching the lights from red to blue

used after she completes her present tour.

Mr. De Lipsky, youthful, with a vivid, alert face, heavy, black hair, rather full red lips, and somewhat of a choppy accent, declares that his is the most simple of inventions. Reclining on a divan in his small, but luxurious studio, he said:

"My transformation effect is affected



Ira L. Hill

ALMA TELL

As the wife in "Main Street," this popular actress has some brilliant moments which more than make amends for "When We Are Young"—an effort of the earlier season

(Below)

MARGALO GILLMORE

The "famous Miss Gillmore," they called her the day after her success in "The Famous Mrs. Fair." This season she has been seen in "The Straw," and more recently in "Alias Jimmie Valentine"

Ira L. Hill



Photo Ira L. Hill

EDITH KING

As Diane Lee, in "Thank You," this player again shows that ability to run the gamut from girlish frivolity to more serious moods, which first charmed us in "Daddies"



(Left)

MIRIAM DOYLE

For the last two seasons has supported David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm"

ROBERTA ARNOLD

Before she made her hit in "The First Year," the theatregoers identified this actress with the smart, young widow of "Up Stairs and Down"



Edward Thayer Monroe



Campbell Studio

A YOUNGER GENERATION OF LEADING WOMEN

"A Bill of Divorcement"

A Play in Three Acts by Clemence Dane

THIS drama by a new playwright, dealing in a novel and poignant manner with the subject of divorce, was first produced in London, where it had great success. Brought to America and presented at the George M. Cohan Theatre, its reception by our audiences was at first less cordial. But as the merit of the new play became more widely known, the public quickly responded, until now, the play ranks with the season's biggest successes. Excerpts from the play are given here by the kind permission of C. B. Dillingham.

Copyright: London, William Heineman, 1921

THE plays opens in 1933, and the audience is asked to imagine that Parliament has enacted a bill granting divorce on the grounds of incurable insanity.

It is Christmas morning, a week before the marriage of Margaret Fairfield and Gray Meredith. Fifteen years ago, carried away by war enthusiasm, Margaret married Hilary Fairfield, only to discover she did not love him. Hilary returned from the war, after shell-shock, which aggravated the streak of insanity which he had inherited. During all these seventeen years he has been in an asylum, an incurable case, according to the doctors, while Margaret has brought up their daughter and been the buffer between the girl, an ultra-modern flapper, and a prim ultra-Victorian old aunt. It is Christmas morning. Margaret and Gray have gone off to Church, leaving the daughter, Sydney, and the aunt politely quarrelling by the fire-place. The telephone rings.

SYDNEY: Yes . . . Hello . . . Yes . . . Mrs. Fairfield's out . . . Shall I take a message? This is Miss Fairfield speaking . . . (to her aunt). Auntie, it's from Bedford. It's about Father . . . (into the telephone). What? . . . Good lord!

MISS FAIRFIELD: Sydney, don't say "Good Lord."

SYDNEY: But you should have let Mrs. Fairfield know . . . Only this morning? Oh, I see . . . No—we've heard nothing. When did you find out? . . . What makes you?—I see . . . No, he's not here— Of course, we'd let you know . . . and you'll let us know at once if anything— . . . Yes, Miss Fairfield . . . Mrs. Fairfield is going away very soon— Thank you—Good-bye. (She hangs up the receiver).

MISS FAIRFIELD: Well?

SYDNEY: Father's got away!

MISS FAIRFIELD: What? Who spoke to you?

SYDNEY: The head man—he's frightfully upset—

MISS FAIRFIELD: I should think so! Why, the fellow's dangerous!

SYDNEY: Apparently he's been very much better lately, and this last week, a marked change, he says—

MISS FAIRFIELD: (Agitated). You mean he's getting well?

SYDNEY: Looks like it . . . Of course, they wouldn't write to Mother—now—but we ought to have heard.

MISS FAIRFIELD: When did they miss him?

SYDNEY: This morning—

MISS FAIRFIELD: It's disgraceful carelessness.

SYDNEY: Their theory is that he has suddenly come to himself. Is it possible, Auntie? Can it happen?

MISS FAIRFIELD: It's quite possible. It does. It was the same with my poor sister, Grace . . . Nerves are queer things.

SYDNEY: (Struck). Is that a fact about Aunt Grace? Was she out of her mind, too?



Courtesy MacMillan Co.

CLEMENCE DANE

Author of "A Bill of Divorcement"

MISS FAIRFIELD: She never had to be sent away . . .

SYDNEY: But with Father—wasn't it shell-shock?

MISS FAIRFIELD: It was brought on by shell-shock.

SYDNEY: Do you mean that in our family there's insanity?

MISS FAIRFIELD: (Fidgeting). That's not the way to talk. But we're nervy, all of us, we're nervy. Your poor father would have been no worse than the rest if it hadn't been for the war.

SYDNEY: (Slowly). What do you mean "nervy"?

MISS FAIRFIELD: I mean the way you're taking this.

SYDNEY: (Sharply). How am I taking it?

MISS FAIRFIELD: (Irritated). Well, look at you now.

SYDNEY: (Coldly). I'm perfectly under control.

MISS FAIRFIELD: That's it. It's not natural.

They gradually work up to a slight quarrel. Miss Fairfield leaves the room, and Sydney is left alone with her problem. Presently, Hilary Fairfield appears at the window. He is white-haired, tired, worn, shabby—a pathetic figure

of a man. He comes into the room eagerly, not noticing Sydney. He fills his pipe and feels on the mantelpiece for matches.

SYDNEY: What are you looking for?

HILARY: They've moved my—(with a start), eh? (He turns and sees her). Meg! It's Meg! (With a rush). Oh, my darling!

SYDNEY: I—I'm not Meg.

HILARY: Not Meg? Tell me I don't know Meg! Eh? No, it's not Meg. I beg your pardon. I thought you were—another girl. I've been away a long time . . . Who are you?

SYDNEY: (Slowly). I think I'm your daughter. (Hilary stares at her blankly. Then he bursts out laughing).

HILARY: Daughter! Daughter! By God, that's good! My wife isn't my wife, she's my daughter! And my daughter's seventeen and I'm twenty-two.

SYDNEY: You're forgetting what years and years— . . . Everything changes.

HILARY: (Swiftly). Bet your Aunt Hester hasn't, eh? (They look at each other and laugh). And I bet you—I say, is your mother such a darling still?

SYDNEY: Look here, Father . . . we've got to talk. We've got to get things straight before she comes back.

HILARY: (His attention beginning to wander). . . . She's late, isn't she? I—I really think, you know, I'll go out and meet your mother . . . SYDNEY: Can't you realize what the shock—? HILARY: Never known anyone die of joy yet! SYDNEY: Father, you don't understand. You and mother . . . You must let me tell her first . . .

Margaret arrives home from Church. Hilary goes forward with arms outstretched.

MARGARET: (Recoiling). . . . Hilary!

HILARY: Meg! Is it Meg? Meg, I've come home.

MARGARET: (Terrified). Sydney, don't go away!

SYDNEY: It's all right, Mother!

HILARY: Meg!

MARGARET: But they said—they said—incurable. They shouldn't have said—incurable.

HILARY: What does it matter? I'm well. I'm well, Meg! I tell you . . .

MARGARET: Sydney—is he—?

SYDNEY: It's all right, Mother! That isn't madness. He's come to himself.

MARGARET: Then—then—what am I to do? . . .

HILARY: (Staring at her). You don't say a word. One would think that you weren't glad to see me. Aren't you glad to see me?



Photo Edward Thayer Monroe

PAULINE LORD

Whose power of vivid and convincing characterization has impressed even sophisticated Broadway. As the feminine protagonist of Eugene O'Neill's tragic "Anna Christie" she portrays a prostitute made clean by the sea, with the same frugality of gesture yet restrained dynamic force that made her work in "The Deluge" and "Samson and Delilah" noteworthy

MARGARET: Of course—glad—you poor Hilary!
HILARY: If you knew what it is to say to myself—I'm at home! . . . Oh, my dear, the holly, and the crackle of the fire and the snow-like veil of peace on me—and you, like the snow—so still— (*He comes to her with outstretched arms*).

MARGARET: (*Faintly*). No—no—no . . .

(*Enter the maid*)

MAID: Luncheon is served, Ma'am!

MARGARET: (*Helplessly*). Sydney?

SYDNEY: Lay an extra cover. This—my—this gentleman is staying to lunch.

HILARY: (*Boisterously*). Staying to lunch! To lunch! That's a good joke, isn't it? I say, listen! I'm laughing. Do you know, I'm laughing? It's blessed to laugh. Staying to lunch! Yes, my girl! Lunch and tea and supper and breakfast, thank God! And for many a long day.

In Act II the setting is the same. Luncheon is over. Gray Meredith comes and, upon learning that Hilary has returned, insists on Margaret going away with him. She refuses, saying that she must first tell Hilary of the divorce.

GRAY: (*At the door*). I don't like leaving you.

MARGARET: You must! It's better! But—come back quickly!

GRAY: You'll be ready?

MARGARET: I will. (*Gray goes out*).

HILARY: (*Uneasily*). Who's that man?

MARGARET: His name's Gray Meredith.

HILARY: What's he doing here?

MARGARET: He's an old friend.

HILARY: I don't know him, do I?

MARGARET: It's since you were ill. It's the last five years.

HILARY: He's in love with you! I tell you, the man's in love with you! Do you think I'm so dazed and crazed I can't see that? You shouldn't let him, Meg! You're such a child you don't know what you're doing when you look and smile—

MARGARET: (*In a strained voice*). I do know.

HILARY: (*Staring at her*). Lord, I don't wonder at him, poor brute! (*Still staring*). Meg, you've changed.

MARGARET: (*Catching at the opening*). Yes, Hilary.

HILARY: Taller, more beautiful—and yet I miss something.

MARGARET: (*Urging him on*). Yes, Hilary.

HILARY: (*Wistfully*). Something you used to have—kind—a kind way with you. The child's got it. Sydney—my daughter, Sydney! She's more you than you are. You—you've grown right up—away—beyond me—haven't you?

MARGARET: Yes, Hilary.

HILARY: But I'm going to catch up. You'll help me to catch up with you, Meg? (*She doesn't answer*). Meg! wait for me! Meg, where are you? Why don't you hold out your hands?

MARGARET: (*Wrung for him*). I can't, Hilary! My hands are full.

HILARY: (*His tone lightening into relief*). What, Sydney? She'll be off in no time. She's told me about the boy—what's his name—Kit—already.

MARGARET: It's not Sydney.

HILARY: What? (*Crescendo*). Eh? What

are you driving at? What are you trying to tell me? What's changed you? Why do you look at me sideways? Why do you flinch when I speak loudly? Yes—and when I kissed you—It's that man! (*He goes up to her and takes her by the wrist, staring into her face*). Is it true? You?

MARGARET: (*Pitifully*). I've done nothing wrong. I'm trying to tell you. I only want to tell you and make you understand. Hilary, fifteen years is a long time—

HILARY: (*Dully*). Yes, I suppose it's a long time for a woman to be faithful.

MARGARET: That's it! That's the whole thing! If I'd loved you it wouldn't have been so long—

HILARY: (*Violently, crying her down*). You did love me once.

MARGARET: (*Beaten*). Did I—once? I don't know—

(*There is a silence*)

HILARY: (*Without expression*). What do you expect me to do? Forgive you?

MARGARET: (*Stung*). There's nothing to forgive. (*Softening*). Oh, so much, Hilary, to forgive each other; but not that.

HILARY: (*More and more roughly as he loses control of himself*). Divorce you then? Because I'll not do that! I'll have no dirty linen washed in the courts.

MARGARET: (*Forced into the open*). Hilary, I divorced you twelve months ago.

HILARY: What? What? What?

MARGARET: I divorced you—

HILARY: (*Beside himself*). You're mad! You couldn't do it! You'd no cause! D'you think I'm to be put off with your lies? Am I a child? Oh, I see what you're at. You want to confuse me. You want to pull wool over my eyes. You want to drive me off my head—drive me mad again. You devil! You devil! You shan't do it, I've got friends—Sydney, where's that girl. (*Shouting*). Sydney! Hester! All of you! Come here! Come here, I say!

(*Enter Sydney*)

SYDNEY: Mother, what is it? (*To Hilary*). You're frightening her.

HILARY: (*Wildly*). No, no, you're not on her side . . . what was I calling you for, eh? Oh, yes, a riddle. I've got a riddle . . . when's a wife not a wife? . . .

MISS FAIRFIELD: What have you done to him, Margaret?

MARGARET: I've told him the truth . . .

HILARY: (*Raving*). I tell you she's pouring poison into my ear . . . If I told you what she said to me, you'd think I was mad. And that's what she wants you to think. She wants to get rid of me. She's got a tame cat about the place; I'm in the way. And so she comes to me, d'you see, and tells me—what do you think? She says she's not my wife. What do you think of that?

SYDNEY: Sit down, darling. You're shaking. MARGARET: He's always had these rages. It's my fault. I began at the wrong end, Hilary—it's not—I'm not what you think.

HILARY: Then what was that man doing in my house?

MARGARET: In a week I'm going to marry him.

HILARY: D'you hear her? To me she says this. Is she mad or am I?

MARGARET: (*Desperately*). I tell you there's

been a law passed . . . (*Maid enters*).

MAID: Dr. Alliot is in the hall, Ma'am.

MARGARET: Ask him to come in here. At once.

(*Enter Dr. Alliot*)

DR. ALLIOT: Good afternoon, Mrs. Fairfield. Good afternoon, Miss Fairfield. Merry Christmas, Sydney! Welcome back, Fairfield.

HILARY: It's—it's old Alliot, isn't it? . . . I suppose they've sent for you . . . My wife's ill, Doctor. She's not right in her head . . . She says she's not my wife . . .

DR. ALLIOT: Well, the situation is this—

HILARY: There is no situation. I married Meg. I fell ill. Now I'm well again. I want my wife.

DR. ALLIOT: Why, yes, yes—

HILARY: (*Picking it up irritably*). "Yes—yes," "Yes—yes," I suppose that's what you call humoring a lunatic.

DR. ALLIOT: Why, I hope to be convinced, Fairfield, that that trouble is over, but—

HILARY: But you're going to lock me up again because I want my wife.

DR. ALLIOT: (*Patiently*). Will you let me put the case to you?

HILARY: You can put fifty cases. It makes no difference.

SYDNEY: (*At his elbow, softly*). Father, I'd listen . . .

DR. ALLIOT: D'you remember—can you throw your mind back to the beginning of the agitation against the marriage laws? . . . A commission was appointed to enquire into the working of the divorce laws. It made its report, recommended certain drastic reforms, and there, I suppose, as is the way with commissions, would have been the end of the subject if it hadn't been for the war—and the war marriages.

HILARY: So that's where I come in! Margaret, is that where I come in?

DR. ALLIOT: Never, I suppose, in one decade were there so many young marriages. Happy?

That's another thing. Marry in haste— . . . That young, young generation found out, out of their own unhappiness, the war taught them, what peace couldn't teach us—that when conditions are evil it is not your duty to submit—that when conditions are evil, your duty in spite of protest, in spite of sentiment; your duty, though you trample on the bodies of your nearest and dearest to do it, though you bleed your own heart white, your duty is to see that those conditions are changed. If your laws forbid you, you must change your laws. If your church forbids you, you must change your church; and if your God forbids you, why then, you must change your God. . . .

Mrs. Grundy and the churches are protesting still. But in spite of the protest, no man or woman today is bound to a drunkard, an habitual criminal, or—

HILARY: Or—?

DR. ALLIOT: Or to a partner who, as far as we doctors know—

HILARY: But you can't be sure.

DR. ALLIOT: I say, as far as we know, is incurably insane—in practise, is insane for more than five years.

HILARY: And if he recovers? Look at me.

DR. ALLIOT: (*With a sigh*). "It is expedient—"

HILARY: And you call that justice!

MARGARET: At least call it mercy. All the

AS a name, Lucien Boyer is little known to this country. But as composer of the famous war-song *Madelon de la Victoire* he is an old and beloved friend of every American who learned to shout "Madelon—Madelon—MADELON!" at the end of that spirited refrain in the thrilling days when everybody was doing it!

Monsieur Boyer, who is now in the United States, plans a concert tour from coast to coast during the course of which he will endeavor to bring us a taste of the sort of songs and singing dear to the hearts of his native Paris. In addition to the universally famous *Madelon*, for which he was awarded the cross of a chevalier of the *Légion d'Honneur*, Boyer is the author and composer of innumerable Parisian concert hall ballads, and such noted artists as Mistinguett and Chevalier first rose to stardom on one of his songs, much as artists surge to the front on the crest of a popular song wave in America. He has also indited a number of dramatic poems which have found interpretation by Bernhardt and other lights of the French stage.

During the war this noted soldier-songster saw active service at several fronts with the *chasseurs alpins* (blue devils), and it was in the face of the enemy that the inspiration for *Madelon* came. He sang that and several other *chansons de la guerre* at his first recital here given at the Hotel Plaza during the festivities in honor of Marshal Foch in New York City, before an audience of his fellow-countrymen and former comrades-in-arms. He appeared also at the Capitol Theatre, the owner of which, Messmore Kendall, was instrumental in causing the *chansonniere's* visit to our shores.

Wherever Lucien Boyer appears among us, giving recitals of his interesting work, he will unquestionably be warmly welcomed by reason of the stirring example of it bequeathed to us in war days through his own *Poilus* and our own Doughboys.



Singing in the swamps of Salonica to the sailors of the French Expeditionary Corps



Lucien Boyer as a *Poilu*—when attached to the famous "blue devil" regiment

LUCIEN BOYER—CHANSONNIER FRANCAIS

days of your life to stand at the window, Hilary, and watch the sun shining on the other side of the road—it's hard, it's hard on a woman.

DR. ALLIOT: At least call it common sense. If a man can't live his normal life, it's as if he were dead. If he's an incurable drunkard, if he's shut away for life in prison—

HILARY: But I'm not a drunkard. I'm not a convict. I've done nothing. I've been to the war, to fight for her, for all of you, for my country, for this law-making machine that I've called my country. And when I got from it, not honorable scars, not medals and glory, but sixteen years in hell, then when I get out again, then the country I've fought for, the laws I've fought for, the woman I've fought for, they say to me, "As you've done without her for fifteen years, you can do without her altogether."

That's what it is. When I was helpless they conspired behind my back to take away all I had from me. *(To Margaret)*. Did I ever hurt you? Didn't I love you? Didn't you love me? Could I help being ill? What have I done?

SYDNEY: You died, Father . . .

DR. ALLIOT: I don't say it isn't hard—

HILARY: Ah, you don't say it isn't hard! That's good of you. That's sympathy, indeed. And my wife—she's full of it, too, isn't she? "Poor dear, I was married to him once. I'd quite forgotten."

MARGARET: For pity's sake, Hilary!

DR. ALLIOT: Why, face it, man! One of you must suffer. Which is it to be? The useful or the useless? the whole or the maimed? the healthy woman with her life before her, or the man whose children ought never to have been born?

HILARY: *(In terrible appeal)*. Margaret!

SYDNEY: Is that true, Dr. Alliot? Is that true?

MARGARET: *(Her voice shaking)*. I think you go too far.

DR. ALLIOT: Mrs. Fairfield, in this matter I cannot go too far.

MISS FAIRFIELD: For me, at any rate—too far and too fast, altogether . . .

Hilary goes out with Dr. Alliot and the Rector and Kit comes in. The Rector has come to tell Margaret that in view of the fact that she is a divorcee (a thing he has just learned), he cannot marry her to Meredith. In the meantime, Dr. Alliot has persuaded Hilary to see the situation from Margaret's point-of-view and after they leave, he comes to tell her he will go to Dr. Alliot's home.

HILARY: Have they gone? *(Reassuring her)*. It's all right. I'm going, too. I'm going, I've got to, I see that. He's made me see . . . I'm going to stay with him until I can look around . . .

MARGARET: I'm glad you have a good friend, Hilary.

HILARY: Yes, he's a good chap. He's talked to me. He's made me see. *(He comes a little closer)*. He says—and I do see— It's too late, of course— *(His look at her is a petition, but she makes no sign)*. Isn't it? *(He comes nearer)*. Yes—it's too late. It wouldn't be fair—to ask you—would it?

MARGARET: *(Imploringly)*. Oh, Hilary, Hilary!

HILARY: *(Encouraged to come closer)*. No woman could be expected—you couldn't be expected— *(She makes no sign)*. Could you? *(Repeating his lesson)*. It's what he says—you've made a new life for yourself. *(He waits)*. Haven't you? There's no room in it—for me—is there? *(He is close to her. She does not move)*. So it's just a case of—saying good-bye and going, because—because—I quite see—there's no chance. *(Suddenly he throws himself down beside her, catching at her hands, clinging to her knees)*. Oh, Meg, Meg, Meg! Isn't there just a chance?

MARGARET: *(Faintly)*. Hilary, I can't stand it.

HILARY: *(Frantic)*. Yes, but listen to me! Listen to me! You don't listen to me. Listen to me. I've been alone so long—

MARGARET: Gray! Gray! Why don't you come?

HILARY: I'll not trouble you. I'll not get in your way—but—don't leave me all alone. Give me something—the rustle of your dress, the cushion where you've lain—your voice about the house. You can't deny me such little things, that you give your servant and your dog.

MARGARET: It's madness—

HILARY: It's naked need!

MARGARET: What good should I be to you? I don't love you, Hilary—poor Hilary. I love him. I never think of anything but him.

HILARY: But it's me you married. You promised—you promised—better or worse—in sickness in health. You can't go back on your promise.

MARGARET: It isn't fair.

HILARY: Anything's fair! You don't know what misery means.

MARGARET: I'm learning.

HILARY: But you don't know. You couldn't leave me to it if you knew. Why, I've never known you hurt a creature in all your life! . . . Why, I've seen you step aside for a little creeping green thing on the path. You've never hurt anything. Then how can you hurt me so? You can't have changed since yesterday—

MARGARET: *(In despairing protest)*. It's half my life ago—

HILARY: It's yesterday, it's yesterday.

MARGARET: *(With the fleeting courage of a half caught bird)*. Yes, it is yesterday. It's how you took me—yesterday—and now you're doing it again!

HILARY: *(Catching at the hope of it)*. Am I? Am I? Is it yesterday? Yesterday come back again?

MARGARET: *(In the toils)*. No—no, Hilary, I can't!

HILARY: *(At white heat)*. No, you can't. You can't leave me. You can't do it to me. You can't drive me out—the wilderness—alone—alone—alone. You can't do it, Meg—you can't do it—you can't.

MARGARET: *(Beaten)*. I suppose—I can't.

HILARY: You—you'll stay with me? *(Breaking down utterly)*. Oh, God bless you, Meg, God bless you, God bless you—

MARGARET: *(Puzzling it out)*. You mean—God help me.

When Act III opens, Sydney and Kit are together. Alarmed by Dr. Alliot's statement and true to her Eugenic convictions, Sydney has decided to give up Kit, and therefore picks a quarrel with him.

KIT: *(Curt)*. You want me to go.

SYDNEY: Yes.

KIT: For good?

SYDNEY: Yes.

KIT: Honest?

SYDNEY: Yes.

KIT: Right. *(He turns from her and goes out)*.

MARGARET: *(Who has been writing at the desk)*. Was that Kit? Sydney, don't let him go.

SYDNEY: Kit! Ki—it!

KIT: *(Returning joyfully)*. Yes. Yes, old thing!

SYDNEY: *(Impassively)*. Mother wants you.

MARGARET: Oh, Kit—would you take this for me? It's for Mr. Meredith. I expect you'll meet him, but if not, I want you to take it on. At once, Kit.

KIT: Right, Mrs. Fairfield.

MARGARET: *(Detaining him)*. What's the matter, Kit?

KIT: *(His head up)*. Nothing, Mrs. Fairfield.

SYDNEY: Mother, Kit's got to go . . .

MARGARET: *(Humorously washing her hands of him)*. Oh, you two!

SYDNEY: *(In spite of herself, softly)*. Kit!

KIT: *(Quickly)*. Yes?

SYDNEY: *(Recovering herself, impishly)*. You'll give her my love?

KIT: You're a beast, Sydney Fairfield. *(He goes out with a slam)*.

SYDNEY: *(In a changed voice)*. You'll give her my love. *(The door opens but it is Gray Meredith who comes in)*.

GRAY: Sydney, what's wrong with Kit? He went past me like a gust of wind.

MARGARET: He didn't give you my note?

GRAY: He never looked at me. What note?

MARGARET: I—

GRAY: Aren't you ready? Why aren't you dressed? . . . Sydney, get your Mother's wraps . . .

MARGARET: I'm—I'm not coming.

GRAY: Not? There, sit quiet a moment. My dear—my dear heart—you're all to pieces.

MARGARET: I'm not coming.

GRAY: *(Checking what he takes for hysteria)*. Margaret—Margaret—

MARGARET: I'm not coming. It's Hilary . . . I can't fight Hilary. I see it. It's my own fault. I ought never to have let myself care for you.

GRAY: Talk sense.

MARGARET: But there it is. It's too much for me. I've got to stay with him.

GRAY: *(For the first time taking her seriously)*. Say that again, Margaret, if you dare—

MARGARET: I've got to—stay— *(With a sharp crying note in her voice)*. Gray, Gray, don't look at me like that!

GRAY: *(Very quietly)*. This—this is rather an extraordinary statement, isn't it? . . . Do you mind telling me exactly what you mean?

MARGARET: . . . I can't talk. You know I'm not clever. I'm trying to do what's right—

GRAY: Then shall I tell you? *(Watching her)*

(Continued on page 126)



Maurice Goldberg

SYDNEY THOMPSON

After a successful season in London, this dramatic entertainer returns here with a new repertoire which includes Arthurian romances, French lays and the stirring songs of the Moors. She not only writes her own one-act plays but is herself the whole cast

LUCY GATES

With buoyancy and grace and voice of luscious beauty this American coloratura soprano sings the rôle of Serbina, the artful maid of Pergolesi's famous opera comique, "La Serva Padrona" translated into English under the title of "The Maid-Mistress."



EDNA THOMAS

In the inherited costume of the early forties, this young Southern artist sings the Creole songs which she herself has collected from the plantations of her native state Louisiana. She sings them "en crinoline" and in their quaint original patois, an admixture of Spanish, French and "Dooky" -



Photo Aime Dupont

ARTISTS OF UNIQUE REPERTOIRES



I HAVE often wondered why all our theatres are herded together in one neighborhood—in what is known as the theatre district. It is certainly no convenience to the theatregoer—rather the reverse. You can only attend one theatre at a time, so what advantage is it to you, on going to the Booth Theatre, to know that the Shubert Theatre is next door? The disadvantage of this concentration of our playhouses is that the so-called theatre district—42nd Street and Times Square up to 48th Street—becomes, during theatre hours, a place of the greatest possible discomfort. A jostling, ill-mannered mob, pushes this way and that, everybody wanting to go in all directions at once. Tempers are ruffled, corns are trodden on, to say nothing of the peril to life and limb from being run over by one of the swarms of taxicabs. The crush, when all the theatres are emptying at the same time, is so great that it is almost impossible to board a street car or even hail a cab, except at considerable personal risk. There is no sense in this congestion. In other cities they manage to have theatres and to take their pleasures in an orderly manner without indecent overcrowding. Paris has a good many theatres, but they are not all on top of each other. The Francaise is half a mile from the Opera House; the Odéon is away off in the Latin Quarter. The other theatres, the Nouveautés, the Vaudeville, the Ambigu, the Gymnase, the Porte St. Martin, etc., etc., are scattered at long intervals along the beautiful boulevards. In London it's much the same. In both capitals, even the getting to a theatre is part of the fun. Not so here—unless one is hardened to enjoying a football scrimmage.

IT is the present congestion in and about Times Square—which is constantly getting worse, instead of better—that is helping the development of the Neighborhood playhouse. Already tried with considerable success in the heart of New York's Ghetto, the same experiment is now to be made in the more fashionable upper West Side. A number of people prominently connected with the stage and society are behind the movement, among others, Mr. Robert I. Aitken, Mrs. John W. Alexander, Miss Margaret Anglin, Mr. George Arliss, Mr. Lionel Atwill, Mr. Richard Bennett, Mr. Holbrook Blinn, Mr. Rienzi de Cordova, Mr. John Drinkwater, Miss Edith Ellis, Mr. Edward Ellis, Mrs.

Minnie Maddern Fiske, Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin, Mr. Childe Hassam, Mr. Robert Henri, Mr. Ely Jacques Kahn, Mrs. Clara Mannes, Mr. David Mannes, Miss Emma Mills, Miss Adrienne Morrison, Miss Martha Morton, Mr. Eugene O'Neill, Mr. Livingston Platt, Mr. Willy Pogany, Mrs. Vera de Cordova Sanville, Mr. Deems Taylor, Mr. S. J. Woolf, Miss Margaret Wycherly. The plan involves the building of a small intimate theatre, seating only 299 persons, to be known as The Curtain. Funds are being sought through popular subscriptions, but the playhouse aims to be self-supporting as soon as it has been launched upon its career. The plays, produced by professional casts headed by a professional director, will be selected with a view to their dramatic and literary merit, irrespective of their commercial value, and will range in character from the lightest of comedies and farces to drama and tragedy. A repertoire of at least five productions each season will furnish ample opportunity for variety. A novel feature will be a "Green Room" for the purpose of bringing together the actors and the audience, and where it will be possible to hold small exhibitions of paintings and sculpture.

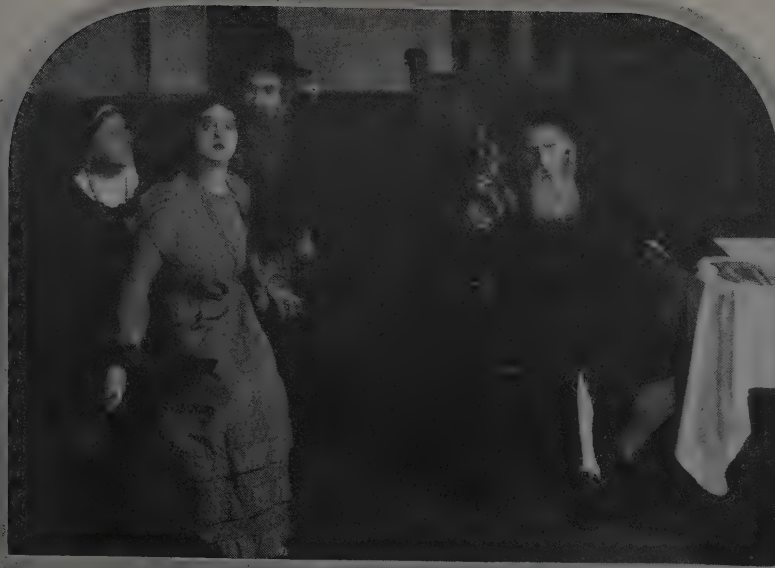
THE financial and business operations of The Curtain will be conducted by a corporation organized in this State, having \$300,000 of capital stock, consisting of 4,000 shares of preferred stock of the par value of \$50 each, bearing 7 per cent. non-cumulative dividends, and preferred both as to assets and dividends; and 1,000 shares of common stock, non-par value. All subscribers will receive preferred stock and will be divided into five classes. A subscriber to 200 shares of preferred stock will be entitled to first choice of seats for the opening night of each new bill. Subscribers to 100 shares will be entitled to next choice of seats. Subscribers to 20 shares will enjoy next consideration. Subscribers to 10 shares will have next choice and subscribers to one or more shares will have first choice on any other than opening nights.

FOR many years Beatrice Herford, sister of Oliver Herford, the well known writer, had the monologuing field practically all to herself, her recitals, under fashionable auspices, being events in New York and other cities throughout the country. Alone on the stage, without "prope"

of any kind, she could conjure up whole scenes and situations, "Selecting the Wall-paper," or "At the Employment Agency." After a time, Miss Herford went into vaudeville, and even introduced her specialty in "The Greenwich Village Follies." More recently, Miss Ruth Draper has gained favor along these lines, still at the recital stage, not yet having entered vaudeville or musical comedy. Again fashionable patronage has rendered assistance. She is a granddaughter of Charles A. Dana, one of the great editors of a former generation. Her brother, Paul Draper, has given concert recitals, and her former sister-in-law, Mrs. Sanders Draper, has been a valuable secretary to Mary Garden, being such a remarkable linguist that she speaks French and Italian quite as fluently as her native Bostonese.

THE dry humor which underlies all the stage work of David Warfield, and which makes his pathos so poignant and tear-compelling, is, of course, based on the lines the author puts into his mouth in the play. But aside from the obvious fact that his personality and artistic discernment give those lines a value they would miss if spoken by a less able player, the native humor of the serious-faced man who has won so high a place since the days, nearly a quarter of a century ago, when he was a rather frayed, unknown actor, doing "bits" at the Casino, is doubtless mainly responsible for his present eminence. Also, it makes him an agreeable companion, as any of his associates will testify. He has, besides humor, the quick wit which may be sardonic, or funny, or merely clever, as it may happen. It was just before a matinee at a theatre in Forty-second street, on an afternoon when there happened to be no performance of "The Return of Peter Grimm," that Warfield dropped in with some friends. Like all actors worth their salt, there is nothing David Warfield would rather look at than other actors at work, but he prefers to do it unobtrusively. So, when the manager of the house proposed that his guest should sit in a private box—where he would surely be recognized by most of the other folk in the audience—he shook his head positively and said an orchestra seat would suit him better, adding, with a sad smile which is as effective in private life as on the stage: "No, thank you! No box for me. I shall be in a box long enough when my time comes."

The sage (Maurice Swartz left) and Rabbi (Mark Schweid) discussing the supernatural



The sage quizzes the Dibbuk (Celia Adler)



(Left)
A social gathering in the holy house of the sage

(Below)
The sage drives the evil spirit out of the possessed one



NEW YORK'S Yiddish Art Theatre has been a successful institution for the past three years. Its first season it had for director the well-known Emanuel Reicher. The present director is Mr. Maurice Swartz. The repertoire of the theatre includes modern and classic drama, tragedy and comedy. The recent production "The Dibbuk," the work of the late Jewish poet, folklorist and dramatist S. Ansky, is a powerfully dramatic legend, of a girl possessed by the eternal spirit of her lover, who died a tragic death. According to old Jewish belief, the sage is the only one who can "drive" the spirit out of the possessed one. The leading rôles are enacted by Celia Adler (daughter of Joseph Adler) Binah Abramowitz, Maurice Swartz and others

Photos White

THE JEWISH ART THEATRE IMPRESSES NEW YORK

FOUR clever young women who have made their mark on the stage, and who were only school girls a few years ago, came into my range of vision near Times Square one afternoon recently. Nice-looking young women, too—perfectly gowned, of course, bubbling over with good humor and acutely alive to everything going on. They were Margalo Gillmore, Eva Le Gallienne, Alice Brady and Eileen Van Biene. How quickly these youngsters grow up and, by sheer ability, plus personality, establish themselves as important figures in their profession! Why, it was only the other day, that Frank Gillmore was doing leading business in various new plays about town, and very few people knew he had a daughter at all. And Auguste VanBiene, with his witching 'cello—Lord, how that man could play!—in his dainty, little comedy-drama, "The Broken Melody," with beautiful Frances Brooke as the woman he loved. He is gone now, but old Broadwayites will never forget him so long as his daughter—a prima donna now in her own right—remains on the stage. Eva Le Gallienne? Well, I cannot help being interested in Eva, for it happened that I was one of several reporters who interviewed her father at the Waldorf-Astoria, when he first came from England, some time in the nineties. As for Alice Brady's father—everybody knows the ebullient William A. Brady. Alice has inherited his good nature and smartness, and was a mighty attractive kid in her very early 'teens. That wasn't so long ago, either. Then there's another school girl to develop into a finished actress this season. That's Cornelia Skinner, just out of Bryn Mawr. She is in the company of her father, Otis Skinner, in his new play, "Blood and Sand." Blood and sand, eh? Isn't it something of that sort of inheritance which has brought all these erstwhile school girls into the spotlight?

APROPOS of trans-Atlantic activities among players, Willette Kershaw, a few seasons ago, made a hit in the Chicago presentation of a piece called, "The Crowded Hour." Nevertheless, when the Selwyns produced this play in New York, Jane Cowl had the stellar rôle. Miss Kershaw next contracted with A. H. Woods to be featured in "Woman to Woman," by Michael Morton. The try-out on the road did not meet with expectations, and, after a few weeks, the company was disbanded. Miss Kershaw's arrangement with her managers had stipulated that no one but she could play the part in New York, and she then personally backed the piece financially for a London showing. Success was attained, both the play and the star being highly praised. Deciding that she had fared better abroad than at home, Miss Kershaw later sold the furnishings of her New York apartment and took possession of a house in London. This is merely reversing the process established by many actors who were but little known in England but have become favorites in America, the number including George Arliss, William Faversham, Charles Cherry, Ernest Lawford, Bruce McRae,

Norman Trevor, Conway Tearle and Tom Wise.

A COMPANY had assembled on the bare stage of a Broadway playhouse for the first rehearsal of a new production, and a young actor confided to an old one his disappointment at the smallness of his part, "only four sides." To which the more experienced man replied, "My boy, it is not the length of a role that makes it important, but its connection with other roles and the action of the piece. If I had my choice between two parts, one of forty sides, devoted to talking about other people and paving the way for their entrances and exits, and one of twenty sides, devoted to doing things of which other characters had talked, I would take the latter every time. Many a long part is wasted on an audience, while many a short one holds their attention. So never disparage four sides, or even two. Quality, not quantity, is what counts on the stage, what a part contains, and what you yourself can put into it!" Apropos of the "sides" referred to, that is the theatrical jargon for "pages" in the manuscript. For a generation past, all parts have been typewritten, but prior to that, they were inscribed by hand, and many a beginner in the theatre eked out a meagre livelihood by patiently copying the parts. David Belasco, who has in his time, served in every conceivable capacity where the drama is concerned, tells of how, in his youth in California, he wrote out the parts, served as callboy, directed rehearsals, served as understudy, was general utility, and played such varied rôles as Hamlet and Uncle Tom, adapting foreign plays and writing original ones.

AS a rule, when a new fashion appears, it is copied at once by actresses and society women, but there are certain exceptions to the general rule, as, for instance, bobbed hair. A generation ago, this fad was started by a dancer, Amelia Glover, and was much in vogue. Many years later it was resurrected by another dancer, Mrs. Vernon Castle, and again widely emulated, another dancer now following the mode being Marilyn Miller. But, because an actress may be called upon to play a part in which bobbed tresses would not be suitable, comparatively few stage women have had their locks clipped, an exception being Florence Reed, who has had two seasons in "The Mirage," characterizing a woman who might naturally adopt such a fashion. On the other hand, when Ina Claire played a chorus girl in "The Gold Diggers," she wore a bobbed wig, and in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," displays her own ringlets. Trixie Friganza, a vaudeville favorite, reverses this process, for her own snow-white hair is bobbed, while on the stage she wears a black wig. Many years ago, when Sarah Bernhardt first played the young Duke in "L'Aiglon," she bobbed her own hair, and when Maude Adams played the part in English she did likewise.

THE few years that have elapsed since "before the war," have seen many changes in human relationship, manifested mainly in an increased independence, not

to say insubordination of wage-earners towards their employers. Men in shops and factories have adopted an impudent tone, and maids in domestic service have followed suit. But what has impressed many theatregoers is the insolent attitude of the ushers, male or female. In but few New York playhouses is anything like the old standard of courtesy upheld, and in various theatres the ushers seem annoyed that they are even expected to intimate which seats are called for by the ticket-stubs. Many ushers merely stand at the head of the aisles and point to certain seats, saying, "Fourth row from the front, third and fourth seats in," or as the case may be, without attempting to lead the way or turn down the seats, as in the old days of Augustin Daly or even Charles Frohman. But if the play is not a success, the usher develops a certain interest in the patrons, and kindly offers to exchange the seats for better ones—for a consideration.

AFTER having been a popular actress it is, of course, a difficult matter for a woman to go into retirement, even when one has given a farewell performance or a series of farewells, Adelina Patti having established a precedent that has been followed by many others. Thus, after long years of semi-seclusion in the little town of Broadway in England, Mary Anderson, who was born in Sacramento, California, in 1859, reappeared in 1911 as co-author with Robert Hichens of a dramatization of his novel, "The Garden of Allah," answering to a curtain call on the opening night in New York and later similarly responding in London. More recently, Mrs. Kendal (who was born in Cleethorpes, Lincolnshire, England, in 1849, and after becoming an international favorite, retired in 1911 with a part in a gala performance of "The Merry Wives of Windsor"), gained newspaper publicity through her denunciations of the cinema, as "the movies" are called in England. Still more recently, the world was reminded of the existence of Olga Nethersole (who was born in Kensington, London, in 1870, and followed many American visits by retiring a few years ago), by a statement from that star of "Carmen" and "Sapho," expressing her willingness to become a candidate for a seat in Parliament! The late Daniel Bandmann was a noted tragedian who came from Germany to America and accumulated a fortune. In the late 70's his leading lady was Louise Beaudet, who is still acting, nowadays playing frivolous matrons, while her successor in the 80's, Rose Stahl, has retired in earnest; another Bandmann protégée of the 80's, Julia Arthur, following many years of seclusion with a series of reappearances. Nellie McHenry, Maggie Mitchell and Lotta Crabtree all left the stage at the height of their popularity, as did also, Kate Claxton, of "Two Orphans" fame, who lives in New York and belongs to the Actors' Equity Association. Rose Coghlan, however, who was born in 1852, and Mrs. Whiffin, who was born in 1845, still act regularly, following the example of the late Mrs. Gilbert, who was born in 1822 and died in 1904, while playing a part.

(Center)

ANNE MORRISON

Here's an actress who disproves the old saw that the road to success is a long one. For the last two seasons, her charm and personality have been no small factor in "The Bat"

Photo Edward Thayer Monroe



Photo Nickolas Muray



Photo Mishkin

DORIS RANKIN

Another Barrymore on the Hopkins register—this interesting young actress in real life is Mrs. Lionel Barrymore—a fact that escaped many theatregoers who enjoyed her work in "The Red Robe," "Toby's Bow" and "The Claw"

FIORENCE ELDRIDGE

Why do girls go wrong? Ask this attractive young actress who plays with remarkable force and characterization the discontented daughter in "Ambush," Arthur Richman's play which pictures American middle class life



FRANCES HOWARD

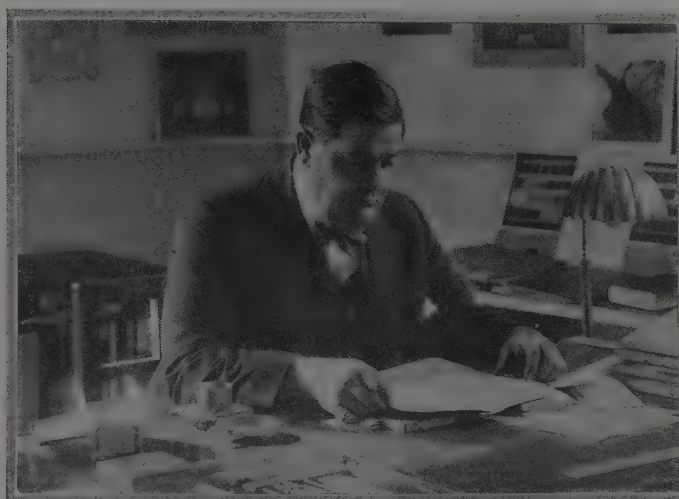
It's the day of the flapper. This sophisticated young person—otherwise quite human and charming—twines everybody round her fingers as Billie Burke's saucy niece in "The Intimate Strangers"

A GROUP OF PROMISING YOUNG PLAYERS



Best known in this country for his Ziegfeld Follies decorations and operatic *mis-en-scène* at the Metropolitan, Joseph Urban is now turning his talents to motion pictures. Pictured above is an episode in "Enchantment," a modern story in which Urban visualizes the Sleeping Beauty fable with characteristic delicacy and fantasy.

THE story of Urban is fabulous as some movie fiction. Beyond crediting him to Europe, common knowledge goes no further. As a matter of fact, he is an American, though born in Vienna. While his parents thought him absorbed in the Austrian equivalent of Blackstone, he studied architecture until, at twenty-three, he entered upon the great adventure of decorating and furnishing the Abdin Palace at Cairo for the

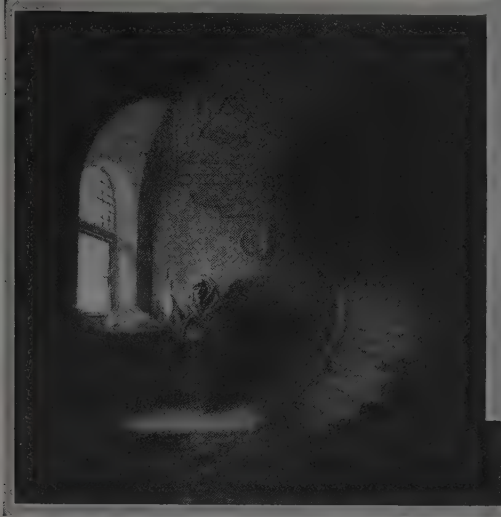


JOSEPH URBAN IN HIS STUDIO

Khedive. In the next few years he built castles and villas, won prize competitions for parks and public buildings, and erected the Czar's Bridge over the Neva in Petrograd. Between times he decorated Vienna for two imperial jubilees and illustrated books of fairy tales and folklore—a phase of art which may be called his hobby. In 1915 his work was given its American introduction, with the Boston Opera Company

A PAST MASTER OF SCENIC INTERPRETATION

OUT of Urban's sketch, again a scene in the Sleeping Beauty tale from "Enchantment," comes the complete and workable setting shown opposite (right). Using the drawing as an architect is guided by a play, he builds, paints, invests with detail and arranges lights to create the picture merely suggested, in the first place, by his pencil.



Stage picture as first suggested by Urban's pencil



The same setting as completely developed by the scenic artist



Urban's original pencil sketch for the Sleeping Beauty's chamber scene

AT the sacrifice of color and the illusion of the theatre, Urban contrives to achieve, in black and white and gray, not only reality but atmosphere and imaginative beauty. In all his creations, whether they are but flashes irradiating the central narrative, or actually the scenic and psychological core of the play itself, the artist's fine sense of light and décor are strikingly evident. Sketch and scene herewith show his development of the Sleeping Beauty's chamber.



The Sleeping Beauty's chamber as seen by the audience



First the tot—wide-eyed with wonder at this big old world



Then the school girl, tripping demurely to school (Top Center)



The wife—her youthful ecstasies settled into calm serenity (Center)

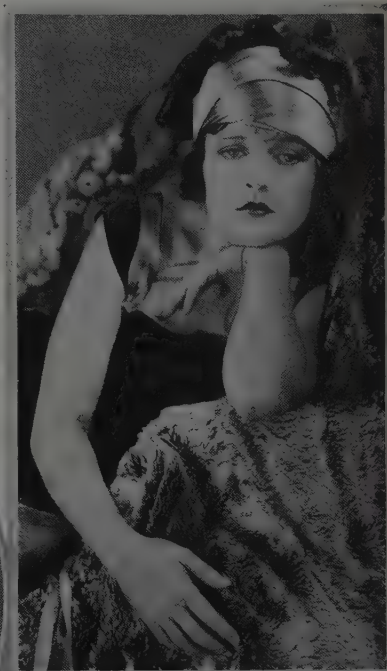
The Flapper, vain and saucy, a collector of masculine photographs



The sweetheart—her head full of dreams—and her choicest possession a solitaire diamond



The Shawl—when wrinkles may come and stay for she is old and doesn't care



The Vampire—hard, cold and utterly disillusioned

Posed by Miss Mary McAvoy

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



HUDSON. "THE VARYING SHORE."
Play in 3 acts, by Zoe Akins. Pro-
duced December 5, with this cast:

Julie	Elsie Ferguson
Larry Sturgis	Charles Francis
Garreth Treadway	Paul Everton
An Englishman	Herbert Evans
Hester	Geraldine O'Brien
Richard	Rollo Peters
Vernon Baird	Clyde North
Kitty	Blythe Daly
Joe Leland	James Crane
Gov. Venable	Wright Kramer
Mrs. Venable	Maidel Turner

THERE'S nothing new under the sun," quoth King Solomon in lamentable ignorance of wireless and Roetgen Ray. Broadly speaking, the royal sage uttered an incontrovertible truism. There is nothing new, especially in the theatre. Yet, despite the alleged only thirty-six possible dramatic complications, there are always new ways of serving old dishes, and this Zoe Akins has done with no little skill in her latest play, "The Varying Shore." She has taken one of the oldest plots known to drama—that of the seduced heroine who tries to be decent notwithstanding the life of shame that has been forced upon her—and the result is a sort of glorified Camille who, as one of her lovers remarks, has always remained the lady in spite of her rotten past.

The new twist Miss Akins has contrived in order to give novelty to a threadbare theme, is to tell her story backwards. I am not sure that this expedient adds anything to the interest of her play. On the contrary, I think it detracts from the interest and weakens the play, for it utterly destroys one of the most important factors of drama—that of suspense. It's like reading a book backwards. Some people may find this method to their liking, but others prefer to begin a story at the beginning, and let it unfold to the end.

The play opens at Monte Carlo, where, in the prologue, the ghost of Mme. Leland appears to her old lover Larry Sturgis. Mme. Leland, an old lady of seventy when she died, was

an American beauty in her time, and, for forty years, had been one of the best known characters on the Riviera. The "sinner saint" they called the little rouged, old lady who skipped here and there, enjoying the glorious Riviera sunshine, gambling at the card and roulette tables, visiting the poor, expiating in a hundred and one charitable deeds the many irregularities of her past life. As her ghost philosophizes to Larry, her's has been a gay life, a happy life, yet she would not wish to live it again. Then the curtain descends and the play proper begins, the action going back forty years when Julie (Mme. Leland) was in the full bloom of her beauty and living in luxury in Paris, the mistress of Garreth Treadway, a wealthy American. In this act, the best of the play, Julie is confronted for the first time, with the consequences of her equivocal position. Her son, to whom she is passionately attached, and who knows nothing of his mother's mode of life, falls in love with a girl whose parents forbid the marriage, owing to the scandal attaching to his mother's name. There is only one way out. Julie sacrifices herself to save her boy.

Again, a lapse of twenty years—once more showing the harlot's progress backwards. Julie is in Virginia, the mistress of Vernon Baird. She is happy among the flowers of her lovely garden until she learns that Vernon has fallen in love with a girl whom he wants to marry. Again her life is shattered. Still another change—ten years back. She is a lovely, but troubled girl, hiding from her mother and stern grandfather the fact that John Garrison, the rising young statesman, has made love to her, but said nothing of marriage. Exposure comes and the irate Governor insists on what Garrison styles "a gunshot marriage," in order to save the situation. But Julie cannot face such a union and she runs away to begin the career which ended half a century later at Monte Carlo.

Elsie Ferguson is very charming as Julie. She is beautiful to look at, and she plays the heroine with intelligence, restraint and feeling. Her voice, at the outset, strikes one as harsh, and her manner as artificial, but in the tense moments this all disappears and the actress succeeds in striking some very genuine human notes. Almost without exception, the men are good. Charles Francis is a sympathetic and polished Larry; Paul Everton is excellent as a tired business man of the seventies; Rollo Peters deserves high praise for his dual role of son and lover. Wright Kramer, an old favorite, contributes a fine stage portrait as the dignified Governor Venable. Blythe Daly is very pretty and charming as Kitty.

The play is handsomely set. In the prologue one young woman spoke her lines so atrociously as to be quite incomprehensible. It may have been English, but it sounded like Choctaw.

Since the above was set up in type, the play has been re-arranged so that now the story, instead of being unfolded backwards, is told from the beginning.—Editor.

BELASCO. "KIKI." Comedy in 3 acts, from the French of Andre Picard, by David Belasco. Produced Nov. 29, with this cast:

Victor Rental	Sam B. Hardy
Baron Rapp	Max Figman
Brule	Thomas Findlay
Joly	Sidney Toler
Sinette	Saxon Kling
Adolphe	Thomas Mitchell
The Doctor	Harry Burkhardt
Paulette	Arline Fredericks
Lolotte	Pauline Moore
Susanne	Florence Lee
Claire	Gertrude Bond
Marcel	Mignon Ranseer
Florine	Jean Scott
The Cook	Frances Kyle
Kiki	Leonore Ulric

YOU simply must go to see "Kiki," if for no other reason than to witness Leonore Ulric's astonishing

performance as the impish, mischievous, little Parisian *gamine* who, audaciously pushing herself forward from the last row of the chorus in a Boulevard theatre, falls desperately in love with the manager, a stolid, matter-of-fact, unromantic person, forces herself on him in spite of his determined efforts to get rid of her, and finally succeeds in supplanting the vampirish leading lady in his affections.

Of the play itself, little can be said. About as substantial as a soap bubble, there is nothing in the piece. Merely one of those light, loosely constructed affairs which any self-respecting French dramatist knows how to throw together over night, it does not pretend to be anything more than a vehicle for the antics of the rowdy little Kiki, and that it affords the star ample opportunity for a performance that is at once novel, comic, interesting, and at all times, charming, none will deny. In the original French, dialogue and situations were, no doubt, highly spiced to render the entertainment more delectable to jaded Boulevard palates; in the American deodorizing process, little remains than a rather bare skeleton. For instance, just before the final curtain, after three acts of devilry and hectic love-making, Kiki demurely assures her friend, the manager, that she is a perfectly "nice" girl—a statement which alone would have caused a riot in Paris. Whereupon, the gallant manager, in all decency, can hardly offer less than marriage, and so, discreetly, he rings for his housekeeper and orders her to put more clothes on the young lady.

But what matter about plot and probabilities so long as one is amused, and certainly, Leonore Ulric amuses. She is a host in herself. On the stage all this time, there is nothing she does not do, from fighting a doorkeeper with a hatpin, and doing a wrestling match with a valet on the floor, to jabbing her deadly rival, the leading lady, with a knife, and pretending to be in a cataleptic trance. She's a perfect whirlwind—an unrestrained joy. Go to see her.

PLAYHOUSE. "MARIE ANTOINETTE." A play in 3 acts, by "Edymar." Produced Nov. 22, with this cast:

Louis XVI.
Joseph II.

Fred Eric
Walter Ringham

Due d'Orleans	Douglas Wood
Count Axel Fersen	Pedro de Cordoba
Caspierre	Basil West
Jacques	Herbert Ashton
Maillard	John Cromwell
Pinnet	Rexford Kendrick
Leonard	H. Paul Doucet
Toulan	Craig Ellis
Augeard	Austin Hulhan
Marie Antoinette	Grace George
Madame de Genlis	Harda Daube
Countess de Noailles	Florence Edney
Princess de Lamballe	Bettie Wales
De Beauvert	Agnes Dunphy

ITS authorship a palpitating mystery for the first few days—almost as long, in fact, as the play itself, lasted—we know now that the pseudonym "Edymar" concealed the collaboration of Aubrey M. Kennedy and Margaret Mayo.

Mr. Brady, it seems, feared that Miss Mayo's reputation as a laughter-maker might handicap her effort to write serious historical drama. As it turned out—even the *nom de guerre* couldn't save the play—which was miscast as regards the leading role, and at no time rose above the commonplace. Even superb costuming and lavish scenic investiture did not help it. Its language was ear-marked more by the gag procedure of vaudeville than by what might be expected from the quality who brought ruin on France. Its ladies of the court swept in with a Ben Ali Haggin hip movement, and its courtiers were not without their scent of Bryant Park. The revolutionary mob carried a sign neatly painted in English, "Down With the Queen!" and not even the tri-color nor the traditional hats of liberty succeeded in getting me past that sign and away from my impression that this was no mob of Marat's, but merely an overflow red meeting on its way from Madison Square.

Miss George worked strenuously and at times with an effectiveness that did credit to her skill and her intelligence. Notably in the last act as the "reformed" queen—the actress succeeded in investing an occasional scene with dignity, but the part of the unfortunate queen did not suit her personality. One scene—that with the two royal children—was charming.

No acting stepped out of the conventional, apart from that by Pedro de Cordoba who, getting into the role of the Queen's lover just prior to the first presentation, did notably despite a recurring and distracting tendency to snap his fingers in an effort to recall his lines.

NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE.
"THE MADRAS HOUSE." Play in 3 acts, by H. Granville-Barker. Produced Oct. 29, with this cast:

Henry Huxtable	Whitford Kane
Katherine Huxtable	
Evelyn Carter	Carrington
Major Hippisley Thomas	Denis Cleugh
Philip Madras	Warburton Gamble
Jessica Madras	Margaret Linden
Constantine Madras	
Montague Rutherford	
Amelia Madras	Eugenia Woodward
Eustace Perrin State	Eugene Powers
Marion Yates	Ernita Lascelles

THE little theatre on far off Grand Street continues doing charming things. In fact, it might also be said that its management is performing the miracle of moving Grand Street up-town, so imperative is it becoming to the life of all good citizens who love their theatre. Space has been spanned, the no-man's land that lies between here and there has been defied, and one finds nowadays at the Neighborhood Playhouse, perhaps, the best audiences in New York.

Certainly, the production of "The Madras House" is a new feather in the Lewisohn cap—or should I say caps?—for both those amiable sisters are usually responsible for what goes on there. Not in all New York was there to be seen a more delightful comedy than this work of Granville-Barker, which, due to its little habit of rambling off into the fields of social philosophy every now and then, would certainly never have been given us outside the covers of a book, were it not for the Neighborhood. I say "was" because unfortunately, following the customary short-run policy of the theatre, "The Madras House" will be back to its book covers by the time this notice appears.

The long cast was admirably chosen out of, I should judge, entirely professional material, which veers off somewhat from the original plan of using amateurs. Types were chosen that would do credit to D. W. Griffith and that, on the whole, not only looked their part but played it well. Particularly good performances were given by Warburton Gamble, Dennis Cleugh, Montague Rutherford and Evelyn Carter Carrington. Whitford Kane, always pleasant in any part, seemed a little out of the spirit of Henry Huxtable, a character epitomizing, I should say, the conventions and traditions of an England that no longer has a Victoria, but which is still Victorian.

GAILETY. "ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE." Play in 3 acts, by Paul Armstrong. Revived Dec. 8, with this cast:

Handler	Harold Hartsell
Smith	Archie Curtiss
Blickendolfenbach	Emil Hoch
Doyle	Emmett Corrigan
Bill Avery	Edmund Elton
Mrs. Webster	Mary Boland
Mrs. Moore	Grace Henderson
Robert Fay	William Ingersoll
Rose Lane	Margalo Gillmore
"Blinky Davis"	J. J. Hyland
"Dick the Rat"	Edward Wonn
Lee Randall	Otto Kruger
Red Joclyn	Earle Brown
William Lane	George Farren
Bobby Lane	Andrew Lawlor, Jr.
Kitty Lane	Lorna Volare
A Bank Clerk	John Kennedy

GIVING many symptoms of a stalwart old age, Jimmy Valentine has returned to open safes on Broadway and will, doubtless, continue sand-papering his finger-tips for the task during some months to come. Of all stage crooks, our old friend, Jimmy, is easily the most plausible, and for that reason, the most interesting, and Paul Armstrong's play concerning him is a classic of its sort that no playgoer should miss this second opportunity of viewing.

George C. Tyler's production is capable throughout. Otto Kruger's performance as the retrieved Jimmy, humanized a figure that can easily stand such treatment and, in this respect, his interpretation excelled that of H. B. Warner, of ancient memory. Kruger's Jimmy was a singularly real crook and an extremely loveable one. Margalo Gillmore was a youngish leading woman, but thoroughly charming despite a tendency to murmur her lines. Emmett Corrigan, as the detective, Doyle, gave a stereotyped, though adequate, version of an exceedingly hard-boiled villain who suddenly turns "soft" for no reason at all. The balance of the cast is capable, two bits being especially well done by J. J. Hyland and Edward Wonn, as inmates of Sing Sing Prison.

I was interested to note that Armstrong's play stood the test of time in all but one rather important point which, in production today, presents a serious anachronism. The second biggest scene in the play is the amusing one in which Jimmy Valentine, ex of Sing Sing, persuades Doyle, who has hunted him for three years, that he is not Valentine at all, but someone else entirely. He does this

on the strength of fabricated photographs and filched clippings concerning the man whose name he has taken to himself. Doyle is foiled in proper fashion by this array of alibis. But actually, a detective hunting an ex-convict in such a method would have in his pocket a copy of the fellow's fingerprints—against which all the mock alibis in the world could not possibly avail—and the question of identity would, today, be instantly solved. Inasmuch as the revival of "Alias Jimmy Valentine" has been brought up to date, the management must feel itself responsible to those amateur sleuths who will be pained by this fearful shortcoming in the plot!

PARK. "THE WILDCAT." Spanish music-drama in 3 acts. Music by Manuel Penella. English libretto by Marie Schrader. Produced Nov. 26, with this cast:

Solea	Dorothy Smith
Sena Frasquita	Vera Ross
Loliya	Grace Hamilton
Father Anton	W. H. Thompson
Rafael	Sam Ash
Hormigon	Carlos Villarias
Caireles	Max Gonzales
Gipsy	Louise Barnolt
Juaniyo	Marion Green
Gipsy Dancers	{ Pilar Torralba
A Shepherd	Conchita Piquer
A Flower Seller	Russell Ash
El Pezuno	Conchita Piquer
Alguacil	Oliver T. McCormick
	Fred Rogers

THE Wildcat, the "great Spanish sensation," at the Park, starts being Spanish when Conchita Piquer, of Madrid, starts to sing in her native tongue and stops when she stops. In fact, it might be said to stop with a jolt when, following a piquant flower-girl ballad sung by her in that raw, warm-voiced manner of Spanish artists, a tenor too Anglo-Saxon to be believed for all his toreador costume, bursts into a ditty in our native tongue which painfully recalls to mind the inadequacy of English for lyrical purposes. The audience retaliates by recalling Senorita Piquer as often as it can for just a few more moments of the real thing.

Otherwise, "The Wildcat" is a highly theatrical melodrama, all of which is expounded in song—to the characteristic music of Maurice Penella, the noted Spanish composer. It has been handsomely mounted by John Cort and has, as a really thrilling moment, a scene at a bull fight which, I am told by those who know, is a highly faithful duplication of

such an occasion. Everything is there but the bull, and I daresay, they would have had him too were it not for the high price of beef on the hoof.

Listening constantly to a plot being unfolded in song becomes highly tiresome at times and makes for incoherency as a result of intricacies not made clear to an audience that misses every fourth word or so. But the Piquer and the bull fight, with its brilliant array of costumes and some delightful songs, nicely rendered by Dorothy South, Marion Green and Sam Ash, make "The Wildcat" a novel entertainment that almost anyone would enjoy.

PLAYHOUSE. "BOUGHT AND PAID FOR." Play in 4 acts, by George Broadhurst. Revived Dec. 7, with this cast:

Robert Stafford	Charles Richman
James Gilley	Capt. Wm. Harrigan
Oku	Allen Atwell
Virginia Blaine	Helen MacKellar
Fanny Blaine	Marie Nordstrom
Josephine	Katya Prevon

MR. BROADHURST'S turbulent, and at times, unpleasant comedy is revived a decade after it was first produced, and in its original home. The present cast includes three who are playing the same parts they played ten years ago—Mr. Richman, Mr. Atwell and Miss Nordstrom.

There is still plenty of vitality in "Bought and Paid For"—even in Prohibition days. Of the newcomers in the cast, Helen MacKellar is interesting and appealing as Virginia, playing with admirable poise and restraint; while William Harrigan comes dangerously near to making a stellar role of James Gilley, extracting every bit of comedy there is in it without seeming effort.

There is a first act setting which displays much richness and good taste.

EMPIRE. "THE DREAM MAKER." Play in 4 acts, by Howard E. Morton. Produced Nov. 21, with this cast:

Marie Bruce	Miriam Sears
Dave Bruce	Charles Laite
Frederick Farrar	William Morris
Rena Farrar	Myrtle Tannahill
Geoffrey Cliffe	Frank Morgan
Dr. Paul Clement	William Gillette
Nora	Marie Haynes
Finch Larsen	Henry E. Humphrey
Buck Watson	Arthur J. Wood
Joseph C. Bates	Arthur Ebenhack

THIS is the kind of play that William Gillette has made peculiarly his own. It affords him just

that sort of a part in which this author-actor's virtuosity is seen at its best—the keen, silent, resourceful. Sherlock Holmes-like stage character, who fights a whole room full of desperate crooks, single handed, and foils them at every turn.

The story—that of an innocent young wife menaced by a gang of blackmailers—is banality itself, but the way Mr. Gillette plays the role of Dr. Clement, apparently feeble and decrepit, but always on the job in moments of danger, and never at a loss to know just the right thing to do—compels interest from the rise to the final fall of the curtain.

"The Dream Maker" is not ideal entertainment, by any means. It is a typically actor-made play with opportunities for the star the chief consideration, but in a season of notoriously bad plays, it is by no means the worst. Besides, there is Mr. Gillette.

GARRICK. (Double Bill, Nov. 28): "THE WIFE WITH A SMILE." Tragic comedy in 2 acts, by Denys Amil and Andre Obey. With this cast:

Mme. Beaudet	Blanche Yurka
Gabrielle	Martha Bryan Allen
M. Beaudet	Arnold Daly
Marguerite Prévot	Catherine Proctor
Mme. Lebas	Katherine Clinton
M. Lebas	Ernest Cossart
Jacques Dauzat	Edwin R. Wolfe
Eugénie	Jeannie Wainwright
A Clerk	Philip Loeb

And "BOUBOUROCHE." Farce in 2 acts, by Georges Courteline, with this cast:

Boubouroche	Arnold Daly
Potasse	Edwin R. Wolfe
An Old Gentleman	Edgar Stehli
Roth	Carl Anderson
Fouettard	Ernest Cossart
Henri	Philip Loeb
Cashier	Katherine Clinton
André	Robert Donaldson
Adèle	Olive May

THE Theatre Guild's second production of the season comprised two plays, each in two acts, from the French. "Boubouroche," a jolly farce of distinctly Gallic flavor, by Georges Courteline, placed second on the program the opening night, was quickly switched to the position of curtain-raiser, where it rightfully belongs. It is a trifle of no great importance, being an amusing study of an easy-going, gullible chap, whom his mistress fools to the top of her bent, and whose complacency isn't long disturbed even when he discovers her deception. Arnold Daly, as a guest-

star of the Guild, plays "Boubouroche" with many clever, characteristic touches, but somehow just misses getting inside the skin of the part. Possibly his fault lies in attacking it with too heavy a hand.

Olive May is more successful in giving the right touch to the deceiving, cajoling Adele, and Edgar Stehli's smugness as a prying, tattling, old man is delightful.

The second play, "La Souriante Mme. Beaudet," translated as "The Wife With a Smile," is another matter, being a comedy which just barely misses being a tragedy. Unlike "Boubouroche," which has been known on the French stage for nearly thirty years, it is quite new, having had its first performance in Paris in April of this year. Its story is of a bourgeois woolen merchant who, by his domineering ways, his constant interference in petty household matters, and his stupid habits, goads his sensitive, high-strung wife to the breaking point. A favorite jest of his is to take an unloaded pistol from his desk and point it at himself with pretended suicidal intent. Finally, one day, the wife, in a frenzy of revolt on finding he has locked her piano to prevent her from enjoying her music, loads the pistol and replaces it in the drawer of the desk. How, later, the pistol becomes, not an instrument of death, but of bringing the couple to a better mutual understanding, is told in the tense second act.

Here, as Beaudet, is Arnold Daly at his best, since the part fits him like a glove—might, in fact, almost have been written for him. Even one who has no particular liking for him cannot help admiring his skill, the zest with which he plays. Blanche Yurka gives a vivid and finely wrought performance of the wife, whose daily life was a tragedy from which she saw no deliverance except by the one means she took; a deliverance which came by that means but in a manner of which she dreamed not.

A word must be added to commend the charming bit of work by Martha Bryan Allen as the maid.

CORT. "HER SALARY MAN." Comedy in 3 acts, by Forrest Rutherford. Produced Nov. 28, with this cast:

A Bellboy	Mae Washburne
Barton	H. B. Thomas
"Sponge" Ferris	Dudley Clement
Montaine Grey	Hedley Hall
Dick Barry	Thomas E. Jackson
Mrs. Sophie Perkins	Edna May Oliver
Emily Sladen	Ruth Shepley
John Brown "Bunny"	A. H. Van Buren
Geo. Hunter	Will Deming
Drusilla Wills	Grace Carlyle
Jessie Van Alstyne	Rea Martin
Mrs. Van Alstyne	Adelaide Prince
Franklin Willis	Donald Hall
Patterson Pomeroy	Donald Call
A Maid	Nina Gleason

EMILY SLADEN, an orphaned heiress, is compelled by the terms of her father's will to accept the services as companion and chaperone of a puritanical widowed aunt, until she shall be safely married and settled. In order to escape from the bondage in which this results, and be free to live her own life, she decides to hire some man to be her legal and official husband; said man to agree, for the salary she pays him, to leave her as soon as the ceremony is over, and not to stop going until he has placed 2,000 miles between them.

She finds the man all right, and in spite of the opposition of her aunt and of her lawyer, she carries out her plan. The complications that follow form the substance of "Her Salary Man," said to be a first play, written by Forrest Rutherford, a business-man from somewhere out West.

The piece has some ear-marks of a first play. It is faulty and uneven in construction, moves at times in a wobbly fashion, and is only roughly finished; but it has here and there a fresh idea, it is clean, and it is often quite amusing; so that there are many who will find enjoyment in it.

There are four important roles in the play, and these are well acted: by Ruth Shepley, who as the heroine is quite charming in her capricious wilfulness and her alternations of tempest and sunshine, now all smiles and now all tears; by A. H. Van Buren, who as the official husband, accepts the salary but isn't contented to stay two thousand miles away; by Will Deming, who is funny as Emily's legal adviser; and by Edna May Oliver, who is still funnier as the disagreeable aunt, especially in her disrobing scene in the third act. The others have little to do, and do it only indifferently well.

(Continued on page 128)

TONY SARG ALSO GOES TO THE PLAY

Over the din the ladies make remarking about his likeness to W. S. Hart, the Wild Cat, (Marion Green) occasionally raises his voice pleasantly. At other times he rushes off to the mountains taking the best part of the plot with him. That leaves the ladies free to sport some Spanish shawls tra-la and the men to throw the bull undefined.



In "Kiki" Mr. Belasco discloses what it is really like to have a little fairy in one's home. *Kiki*, (Leonore Ulric) is reprimanding the servant, (Thomas Mitchell). Knowing how difficult it is to get a good butler few of us would care to trifle with one in this way.



This is the pretty pose Arnold Daly affects to express that jolly old slogan "Smile, damn you, smile!" Of course, you've guessed that "The Wife with a Smile" is one of those plays where part of the cast thinks the gun isn't loaded, and the rest know it is.



Julie was born a lady, so the various characters in "The Varying Shore" assure us, but by the second act she is the sort of girl who wears pearls with her riding habit. Alas poor Elsie Ferguson! She ages some fifty years during the course of a performance and it seems at least that long to the audience. This is another of those—did she fall or was she pushed—dramas.

TONY SARG

Keep the Record Clean

Actors' Equity Officials Make the Retort Courteous to Mr. Broadhurst

By FRANK GILLMORE

Secretary of the Actors' Equity Association

MR. GEORGE BROADHURST is very bitter in his reply to my interview on the Actor's Equity Association. At first I felt like coming back in similar vein; but, knowing the man, I came to the conclusion that he believes that what he says is true. The difficulty is that he is both obstinate and misinformed.

Mr. Broadhurst uses as a text, reiterated again and again, "keep the record clean"—and then proceeds to besmirch it in every paragraph.

He intimated that during the strike Miss Marie Dressler called out the Hippodrome chorus simply to satisfy a whim. But this was not at all the case. Neither Equity nor its members acted in such a haphazard fashion. All moves were discussed and agreed upon by a committee composed of Joseph N. Weber, President of the American Federation of Musicians; Charles Shea, President of the Stage Hands, and myself, representing the Equity, after which orders were issued by us individually to our respective organizations. Of course, I am speaking of the time after those two unions generously cast in their lot with us; but before that time I, alone, issued instructions by authority vested in me by the Council.

IT was not the stage hands alone that I closed the Shubert Theatre in Washington as stated by Mr. Broadhurst. While in that city on business with my *confrères*, I called on Mr. Norman Trevor, the star of the company playing "Up From Nowhere," at his hotel and told him to take his people out that evening. For confirmation, I refer you to Mr. Norman Trevor who will assure you that no certain immunity was promised to the manager, Mr. John D. Williams, but only an expressed desire on our part to keep his company going if possible. But when the piece was performing at a theatre belonging to one of our strongest antagonists I felt compelled to take drastic action. As a proof that we extended immunity wherever possible, I can quote the case of Fiske O'Hara who alone played during the Chicago strike.

Mr. Broadhurst says *re* "The Crimson Alibi":

"To each and every member of the Equity I gave an Equity run-of-the-play contract.

"These contracts—and please bear in mind they were the Equity's own—stipulated that the play was to be produced for the regular season on or before August 30, 1919.

"Learning that a play of a similar nature was being rushed into New York, I called the company together, explained the situation, and said I would run the risk of the hot weather and open the play in July if they would all give me their word of honor that, no matter what happened, they would keep their written contracts with me. To this they all agreed and the word of honor of every one was pledged.

"The play did open in July, and when it had been running three weeks, on a Thursday after-

noon, the Actors' Equity Association met, declared a strike, and all its members in 'The Crimson Alibi' Company that evening, refused to appear."

The following letter has been received from one of the members of the above mentioned 'The Crimson Alibi' Company:

"I have just read Mr. Broadhurst's article in November issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

"I was a member of 'The Crimson Alibi' Company. Some two weeks before the strike, Mr. Broadhurst simply announced to myself and the other members of the cast that he had just returned from a Managers' Meeting where it had been decided and declared that the Equity was non-existent on account of its having affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. *We were not asked if we would stick no matter what happened.* We did not have Equity contracts at all, but just typewritten letters setting forth salary and an option for the following season to be exercised, if at all, prior to April 1, 1920. Our typewritten agreement letters carried this paragraph: 'All other matters to be covered by A. E. A. contract.' If the other party to our contract declared our organization to be non-existent, of what use was our so-called contract?"

This flat contradiction of Mr. Broadhurst's statement has been absolutely confirmed by other members of "The Crimson Alibi" Company, notably by Mr. Robert Kelly and Mr. George Harrison Hunter. Mr. Hunter adds:

"I am amazed that Mr. Broadhurst should make such an absolutely unwarranted accusation against me. I am also surprised that he neglects to mention the fact that shortly after the time that this is supposed to have happened, I voluntarily released him from an obligation of \$12,000. Mr. Broadhurst had signed a contract with me involving that amount, but was then having trouble with his booking, having decided to shift his booking agency affiliations. Believing Mr. Broadhurst to be acting in absolutely good faith and the victim of circumstances, I was willing to endure the loss of the \$12,000, and so told him and tore up the contract. I wished him to realize the stand that Equity members took and believed that since then he had held as kindly thoughts of me as I had been holding of him. To be accused of breaking my word of honor has hurt me beyond words."

Mr. Broadhurst's memory is equally at fault with regard to what took place at the luncheon at the Claridge Hotel; however, for the sake of argument, and *only* for the sake of argument, let us admit that Mr. Broadhurst was justified in taking Mr. Wilson's opening speech:

"Five years ago we came before you with our hats in our hands. Well, it's different now,"

as conveying an offensive meaning.

If then, as Mr. Broadhurst says, all the managers had come in good faith, willing to listen to and, if possible, correct the abuses of which Equity complained, Mr. Broadhurst's contention that an ill-judged remark aligned them instantly in deadly opposition to the whole Association seems, to say the least, extraordinary.

We will now turn to another quaint distortion of fact by Mr. Broadhurst: In spite of what he may say, the Producing Managers *did* proclaim a progressive lock-out against our members. The Produc-

ing Managers' Association put themselves under bond—\$10,000, I think, was the amount—not to issue the contracts in use at the time which recognized by name the Actors' Equity Association. Instead of this, they issued another contract in which the Equity did not appear; and as our members, under their obligation, were compelled to refuse these contracts, they could not work—that is the faithful ones could not, but only the traitors. This had the same effect as a progressive lock-out and was a managerial move to smash the Equity. For verification of the above, I refer to every member of the P. M. A.

IT is true that Mr. Broadhurst asked for individual arbitration on his contracts with members of "The Crimson Alibi" Company. These contracts had been issued prior to the action above; but since then his organization had repudiated the Equity and declined to acknowledge it in any way, and we considered him just a member of the P. M. A., bound by its decisions as we were bound by the decisions of our Association. It was a cleverly camouflaged effort on Mr. Broadhurst's part to get individual arbitration; but it failed.

Every lawyer we consulted, including Samuel Untermyer, assured us that by repudiating the Equity, the members of the P. M. A. had broken every contract in which the name of Equity was mentioned and that such contracts were no longer valid. This is the reason why our members walked out of the different theatres with the feeling that they were doing the best for their profession and at the same time were not contravening the laws of the land.

If Mr. Broadhurst sincerely desired arbitration why did he not persuade his organization to accept our standing offer of the same, which was made and repeated a score of times during those fateful twelve weeks. We even secured the generous consent of the Hon. William Howard Taft to send of the Hon. Charles Evans Hughes arbitrate every difference, but the official reply of the P. M. A. to this suggestion was always, "There is nothing to arbitrate!" In spite of this stand on the part of his Association, Mr. Broadhurst complains that we refused him arbitration. It was *they* who refused arbitration and not us.

Mr. Broadhurst says that when he referred my statement to the effect that not one-fifth of the managers were issuing the U. M. P. A.—A. E. A. contracts, Mr. Howard Kyle, then Corresponding Secretary of the Equity, replied that it was untrue. The U. M. P. A.—A. E. A. contract was agreed upon in September, 1917. In January, 1918, a Committee appointed by the Council, dissatisfied with the way



Harry Davenport, Edith King and Donald Foster mix religion, teacups, and love in "Thank You"

Photo Schwarz

(Below)

Bluebeard's wife (Ina Claire) could not order less than champagne when it came to a clandestine midnight supper



Photo Schwarz



Photo White

(Right)

They came to gossip—and remained for tea. Kate Mayhew, Mary Ryan and Helen Van Hoose in "Only 38"



Motif by Margaret Vale

In "Six Cylinder Love," June Walker and Ernest Truex have to be content with a fare of burned biscuits

GLASSES AND TEA CUPS IN BROADWAY PLAYS

Mr. Kyle had been handling matters, recommended that the writer be appointed Executive Secretary of the Association on a salary, which appointment relegated the Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Kyle, who had had much of the responsibility before, to a comparatively innocuous position. One of the first things I did after taking office (to be exact, in the month of February, five months after the adoption of the U. M. P. A.—A. E. A. contract) was to visit the different managers to find out who were and who were not issuing it. Among the very few who were, was Charles Frohman, Inc., but four-fifths of the companies controlled by members of the United Managers' Protective Association were not. For verification of this I refer to the Minutes of the Association and to the then Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Charles D. Coburn.

I repeat that I myself called on practically every manager in New York City, and the figures which I state are absolutely correct.

MR. Broadhurst seems very disturbed because I did not correctly quote the original officers. He said I stated that Bruce McRae was the first Vice-President. That was a typographical error for which I cannot be held guilty any more than he can be for his printed statement that Mr. Grant Mitchell was the Recording Secretary, evidently a mistake for Grant Stewart. I did omit two names of the original officers. They were Mr. Henry Miller and Mr. Howard Kyle. Original officers are supposed to have much to do with the building up of an association. Henry Miller was our first Vice-President. During the time he held office he attended but one meeting of the Council and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, not one single General Meeting. Therefore, Mr. Henry Miller, in my opinion, is not entitled to be mentioned. Mr. Howard Kyle worked hard and patiently for years, but as soon as the power of his office was removed he became a sour obstructionist.

He helped to formulate and sign an Equity Shop petition in 1914, and then advocated affiliation with the American Federation of Labor in 1916. After that, he repudiated both and led the secessionists. Mr. Kyle's name is not popular with loyal Equity members and so I omitted it from the list of first officers. In this I

confess I was wrong as he did very good work in the beginning. Mr. Grant Stewart was elected Recording Secretary in 1914, and has held that office ever since.

In regard to the Equity Shop: It is quite true that at the time of the strike we had made up our minds not to ask for anything approaching the closed shop, but after more than a year had elapsed, we discovered it was next to impossible to secure justice for our people and to give protection to the managers without some "shop" or other. In our opinion, the Equity Shop is the finest thing that ever has been introduced in the theatre. A leading American actress who has just returned from abroad, after an absence of two or more years, stated that as soon as she went into the theatre she noticed a finer and a better atmosphere which, she said, existed on account of the consciousness of the actors that they had an organization of their own. This opinion is typical and has been repeated by many.

Mr. Broadhurst is singularly unacquainted with the laws of the American Federation of Labor. He says that we are the only class which retains the right to individual bargaining in the matter of salaries, and says that the musicians have standardized wages. While that may be true in the main, let him try to hire a symphony orchestra or any leader or conductor of reputation, and he will learn that he has to pay very much over and above the minimum wage. Superior workmen in all classes of labor, regardless of membership in the A. F. of L., receive wages above the standard; so you see that here again, Mr. Broadhurst is wrong.

His complaint against the Yiddish theatres, which are really nothing but stock companies, could be made with equal force against the American "stocks." In practically all of them, the lines of business are clearly defined. The leading man plays the leading part, though sometimes he is too old and sometimes again he is too young; and it is the same with the leading lady. Many an American leading lady in stock, who may be over 40, will have to frisk on as a girl of 18. So why criticize the Yiddish companies when Mr. Broadhurst's play, "Bought and Paid For," receives exactly the same treatment when played in his own tongue?

The resolution of the Dramatists Guild

of the Authors' League of America, quoted by Mr. Broadhurst, was very severe and, in our opinion, cruel and unjust; but please note the following letter which was afterwards written by the Executive Committee of the Authors' League of America, in which it will be seen that we are always willing to help our brother artists:

March 14th, 1921.

"The Executive Committee of the Authors' League of America, Inc., begs to express its deep appreciation and sincere gratitude to the Actors' Equity Association for its friendly action in asking the American Federation of Labor to withdraw opposition to international copyright legislation.

"For eight years, international copyright has been a principal effort of the Authors' League. It is a fight that cannot be won without the support of organized labor, and as organized labor made clear recently, its own present attitude is largely dependent upon the attitude of Equity. Your wholehearted endorsement of international copyright gives us the hope of immediate success.

"Aside from any result, however, we are glad of your action because it recognizes a fellowship of interest between actor and writer that will, we trust, receive full development. *Just as Equity works for the rights, progress and prosperity of the player, so does the League work for the protection and development of the author.* Between the two organizations there may often be dissent as to method, but there can never be fundamental antagonism as to fundamental principles.

"Again thanking you, and wishing for Equity the success that its achievements so rightly deserve, I am,

Very sincerely,
ERIC SCHULER,
Secretary."

In conclusion, I will recall to you that last August, the Managers contended that the Equity Shop broke our basic agreement with them, dated Sept. 6th, 1919, and the case was finally put up to the arbitration of Federal Judge Julian W. Mack who, after hearing both sides to the controversy and giving long and mature consideration to all the facts, rendered a decision which absolved Equity from every one of the charges brought against it. In the closing words he declares:

"On all the circumstances in the case I have reached the conclusion that the Equity Shop plan, and the resolutions and instructions of the Actors' Equity Association, with respect to this plan, are not in violation of the agreement between the Actors' Equity Association and the Producing Managers' Association, dated September 6th, 1919, and are not in violation of law or of sound public policy."

I may also state, that Judge Mack in his decision branded the Fidelity League as a "Company Union."

What the Public Wants

HEAR the Managers' advice:—

"Give the Public what it wants!"

It will gladly pay the price:—

"Give the Public what it wants!"

Plays for Head, and plays for Heart,

Plays of Business, and of Art,

Plays of Simple Folks, and Smart:—

"Give the Public what it wants!"

Hear the slogan day and night:—

"Give the Public what it wants!"

Blaze it in electric-light:—

"Give the Public what it wants!"

Plays of Reason, and of Rhyme,

Plays of Past, and Present Time,

Plays of Virtue, and of Crime:—

"Give the Public what it wants!"

Though a dozen may repeat:—

"Give the Public what it wants!"

Very few perform the feat:—

"Give the Public what it wants!"

Those who make a goodly share

From the traffic now declare:

Through the girlies dark and fair—

"Give the Public what it wants!"

HAROLD SETON.

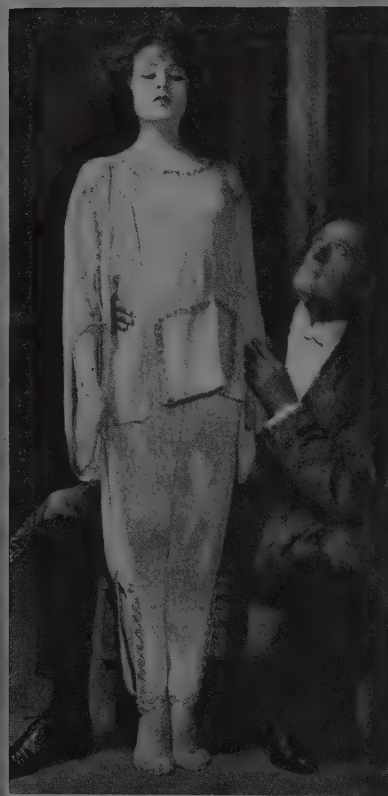
The Manager (Sam Hardy) tells the door-man to throw Kiki out

Kiki (Leonore Ulric) is determined to enter the manager's office



(Below)

Kiki, nothing if not temperamental, makes a frenzied attack on Paulette



Kiki, malingering as usual, pretends to be in a cataleptic trance, and so wins her manager's heart

"KIKI" ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR LEONORE ULRIC

Sidney Blackmer—New Broadway Favorite

Young Southerner Repeats in "The Mountain Man" His Former Hits On Broadway

By ADA PATTERSON

THE news that Sidney Blackmer and Eva Le Gallienne are studying the parts of Romeo and Juliet, with a view to a production of Shakespeare's tragedy at special matinees next Spring, will excite pleasurable anticipation in the hearts of thousands of theatregoers who applauded both artists in that charming piece, "Not So Long Ago."

Sidney Blackmer, who has again scored on Broadway in "The Mountain Man" is a newcomer among our younger leading men, but in the few metropolitan productions in which he has yet been seen, he made an unforgettable impression. His beginnings, like those of many actors of talent, were not easy. But throughout his career he has shown that grit and will to succeed which at last landed him in a stellar rôle on Broadway. His mother best sums up his character: "He never sent home for money."

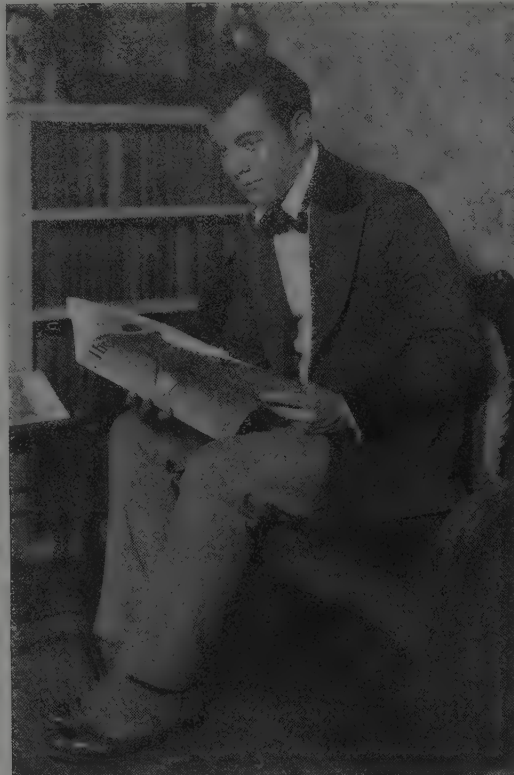
The gracious woman spoke the words with the charm and deliberation of the Old South, yet with an undercurrent of deep feeling. The actor's mother was telling of her boy's struggles successward. They had been as severe as unsuspected.

HE had come to New York hoping, as youth ever hopes, to conquer it. The purse that he had brought from his quaint North Carolina home was flattened under the steam roller of New York cost of living, of which Mark Twain said: "To live in New York costs a little more than you have."

Quietly, with a persistence that was flavored with the uncanny, the unknown youth haunted agents and managers. The sum he had brought from home lessened to piteous proportions. He looked for any work he could find. What he found was a job at nailing packing boxes at a Forty-second Street department store. He stood behind the counter of a Broadway store and sold odds and ends. He placed a timid toe on the first rung of the stage ladder by being an extra in the movies. When his landlady discovered his occupation she told him to leave, keeping his trunk for the deficit in his rent. He found moving lodging in the subway trains. He does not recommend them for purposes of slumber.

NO, the tale of evil fortunes is not finished. He had wanted to be a soldier before he became an actor. Eight times he was refused because an atomic portion of one eye is slightly flattened. "Astigmatism," the Government doctors called it. Finally, he was accepted. He entered the service as a private and left it as a first lieutenant. The experience had been invaluable. But on the happy evening when he foregathered

with his new brethren at the Lambs he left his wallet, which held all of his year's pay, in his overcoat pocket. When he slipped into his coat he found the wallet was still there, but it was an empty wallet. A servant was missing, but the needful greenbacks were never recovered.



Photocraft

SIDNEY BLACKMER

That the hero of "The Mountain Man" knows how to select his reading is shown by what he is holding here

"And still," says his proud, amazed sympathizing mother, "we did not know it. He never sent home for money."

From which we may conclude that Sidney Blackmer, now just turned twenty-five, has good man-stuff in him. He says memories of the coach's shouted instructions to his football team work helped him long after he ceased ball playing and began climbing. When he was no longer a half-back, but was trying to begin to be an actor, he says, the shout came often to his aid:

"Go through the line with your head up. Take all the slams on your face."

In that seeking year of hall rooms and disturbed subway slumbers, of counter service and box nailing, he remembered and was cheered by them.

The first recognition of the actor stuff in Sidney Blackmer came from Miss Ada Humbert. She was of the

audience that saw Granville Barker's production of "The Morris Dance." The young North Carolinian had induced Winthrop Ames to give him a chance to play a tiny part, a mere bit of eccentric comedy, in the grewsome offering. Miss Humbert saw the play and wrote asking him to call.

"While I watched you I thought you might be the young man needed for the Ben Greet Players," she said.

He began rehearsals on Tuesday, following the quick, inglorious close of "The Morris Dance," and the Greet Players opened the next Monday. There was a new drama every week. But he had acquired the art of learning a speech as a whole instead of line by line. He was a quick study, which saved him for the valuable experience he was to have as an around-the-country trooper. He was invited to give the fifty-first reading of the rôle of a nervous boy in "The Thirteenth Chair."

I DON'T suppose you'll do. There have been fifty who wouldn't," said the manager by way of cheering him. But Sidney Blackmer blocked the line of applicants. He was engaged for the rôle. After a season in this play, his incessant bombarding of the war office was rewarded. It consented to blink at the slight flattening of the infinitesimal portion of one eye.

"But you're just getting a start on the stage. This is suicide. You've tried eight times. You certainly showed enough zeal for your country. If you come back, you'll have to begin all over."

So counseled a friend. But the boy went to war. His thoroughness, his painstaking attention to the minutest details, won the respect of his superiors, and quick promotion.

When he returned from the summer season of stock at Northampton he joined the "39 East" company to play the negro waiter. He finished the engagement by playing the rôle that Henry Hull had created.

WILLIAM J. HURLBUT, the author, recommended the young man for the exacting rôle of the boy who was deserted by his mother in babyhood and who champions her when she returns, in "Trimmed in Scarlet." Maxine Elliott, the star, thought he was too old for the part. "He's only 22," said the author. Miss Elliott's objections subsided.

When the play ended he was chosen to play the rôle which he created in Arthur Richman's romantic comedy, "Not So Long Ago" at the Booth.

In "The Mountain Man" he has more than realized the hopes formed of him.

(Below)

On the island of Cyprus lived Theodora (Rita Jolivet) a famous courtesan before her marriage to Justinian



Belisarius (Adolf Touché) makes a triumphal procession to celebrate his return from the wars.



Justinian (Serrucio Bianchini) and his generals are alarmed as they note the rising anger of the crowd



Theodora orders the lions turned loose on the crowd in order to distract Justinian's attention from her lover, Andreas



The bloody shambles after the lions have feasted on their human prey

MAGNIFICENT SCREEN PRODUCTION OF SARDOU'S "THEODORA"

Making A Million Dollar Picture

By RICHARD SAVAGE

I STOOD in the grand salon at Versailles, lost in a daydream of Bourbon magnificence. Overhead, thousands of lights played from myriad facets. Far across the mighty salle—itsself a vast checkerboard of exquisite mosaic—wonderful mural paintings of elegant Arcadian revels in the Watteau manner dominated a regal dais centering in the chairs of state. The grandeur of entablature, pillar and plinth; the sumptuous grace and ease of side wall and canopy in fresco and gilt; the delightful color harmony that distinguished prodigal luxury by good taste, quickened the concept of noble and beautiful living that was to be alas! so quickly shattered by the Terror.

Half expecting to see the French court emerge and take their places, I was startled by a hand on my shoulder and the words:

"Yes, Louis Seize was a good, well-meaning man. For the matter of that, so was Robespierre!"

He was elegantly dressed, this interrupter of daydreams; graceful in mien and carriage as any grand seigneur, but brilliant of eye and mobile of face as a Talma or Sully; with a cunning of speech that but for a smooth Kentucky liquidity might have doubled the plenipotentiary Talleyrand. I shook hands with the proprietor of the grand salon, the uncrowned king of the just filmed French Revolution, none other than David Wark Griffith. He talked. I listened.

SOME of the world's greatest crimes have been committed by well-meaning men. The events leading up to the great Revolution (which I am depicting as the climax to my version of 'The Two Orphans'), are very modern in their tale of tyranny, of laws and more laws, even of the income tax, the sensational press and other ills that now irk us.

"The sixteenth Louis was an affectionate husband and kind father, an amiable citizen albeit a king who lacked the decision to take the measures that might have saved the State. The people rose and overturned the small minority—the noblesse—who had been battenning on the privileges and exemptions secured by royal favor.

"With the overthrow of the monarchy men thought they saw the millenium. They celebrated it in the Feast of Reason, one of the dramatic moments of history: a whole people mad with joy over the idea that universal brotherhood was now a *fait accompli*. The Utopia vanished. They awoke to a more bitter reality than any of their previous sufferings. For again—as so often in history—a fanatical minority of 'think-as-I-think' men, the Jacobins, seized the places of power, inaugurated the Reign of Terror and stamped out with the guillotine all who opposed them. The very organizers of the Feast of Reason were executed. And the leader of the

slaughter was that conscientious public servant, Robespierre—the advocat incorruptible—the patriot who scented the Republic's danger so keenly that in every opponent he discovered a traitor and marched him to the axe forthwith. Russia has been much like that. The people seem to win, but a faction of fanatics defeats their will-to-govern."

GRIFFITH the Thinker! The grand salon, and the real French street outside on the shores of Orienta Point, and the next scene where Lillian Gish's neck lay yoked beneath the axe of the horrid guillotine, took on new meaning quite apart from press agent babble of fortunes spent and the world ransacked for Ancient Régime treasures. He continued:

"More than three hundred sheets lied and libeled or lampooned and blackmailed during that feverish period. No reputation was safe. No virtue immune from vile attack. The press stirred up the fires of suspicion and hate till the panic fear led men to the wholesale official killings of Royalists and then to the mutual hatred of factions which culminated in the Jacobin Terror—"

An ear-piercing scream cut short his description of the vampire press and congealed my blood with the instant alarm lest Lillian's throat be actually cut. I started hurriedly for the guillotine. "Louise!" Henriette was tenderly breathing the name of her beloved blind sister, just before closing her eyes. Gentle Lillian's blonde head was still necked to the lovely Lillian torso. The axe had not fallen, was, indeed, quite out of commission beside the guillotine. The camera stopped clicking. Mr. Griffith raised up the yoke, and the prostrate orphan scrambled to her feet and stepped down a ladder from platform to floor.

"You often mail advice to aspirants, don't you?" remarked Miss Gish to me. "Please tell them it is no fun dying on the movie guillotine from 10 A. M. to 7 P. M., as I have done this day!"

SURE," said Props as Miss Gish went out, "the strongest of us wouldn't want to lay in that neck-piece choker a nine-hour day—takes, re-takes, close-ups, far shots, short bits of rest in between—"

"A thousand deaths in one!" I murmured.

"That's it. Only a woman would have the grit. The poor lady can't eat anything, of course. I've heard tell of the condemned eating their fill, but this agonizing racks the body, and small doses of liquid milk-and-egg are all it can stand."

I inquired for the blind orphan, Louise, and was surprised to learn that the part was being played by erstwhile madcap Dorothy. Yes. The two orphans are Lillian and Dorothy Gish. Their adventures

in the French Revolution (which, by the way, do not enter into the stage play), constitute the final high lights of the story. In this connection an interesting discussion arose with Mr. Griffith about the worth of screen stars. "Has anybody ever analyzed the qualities that make a girl worth (say) five thousand dollars a week?" a bystander suggested.

"According to some authorities," I ventured rashly, "any very pretty girl with a year's experience can be a successful film star."

"Never of the first eminence," said Mr. Griffith. "Good looks have their day on screen and stage, but hark back to the beauty types of ten or a dozen years ago, and notice how the merely handsome ones—those without acting ability—are no longer seen nor heard from. If they happen to remain, as they grow older, they mostly fill in the minor utility rôles. Of the millions of aspirants to motion picture work, a very, very few have the qualifications for success.

AMONG the latter are petite and slender figure, features that register, dark eyes preferably, physical grace and beauty, emotional feeling, high intelligence, pantomimic ability, attractive personality, decency and the determination to slave to the utmost and to sacrifice every sort of ease and pleasure in order to attain the goal. This combination of attributes and qualities is extremely rare, and fortunate the director who discovers it. Contrary to accepted belief, it isn't the little rotters, the pleasure-struck girls, that make their way, but the hard-working young women that go straight in the path of their ambition. It would surprise you to learn what a large share the girls' mothers have in their success. Many of the conspicuous examples of high attainment owe it to good mothering both in early years and in studio."

"When a girl's work," continued Mr. Griffith, "entertains the patrons of fifteen thousand theatres, it is easy to see how it possesses the cash value of five thousand a week. Whereas, the stage star can entertain but twelve or fifteen hundred individuals nightly, the motion picture star appears before as many individuals in each of a hundred or hundred and fifty theatres. Her moiety of the small admission charge of millions is the pay for her services."

Fifteen years ago, D. W. Griffith was making a short picture a week in the old Fourteenth Street upstairs studio, with largely impromptu casts and at an expense of three or four hundred dollars a week. Today, his seat is a palace, and his studio yard a vast estate of shorefront acres. Of his daily retainers on the Mamaroneck estate, the army is greater than many a mediaeval Grand Duke could boast. Orienta Point is the breeding ground of "million-dollar pictures."



THE AMATEUR STAGE

By M. E. KEHOE

"The Dragon," by Lady Gregory, was given an unusual and distinctive setting in an amateur, outdoor performance last summer by members of the Country Club of New Canaan, Conn. The first tee of the Golf Course, backed by a group of splendid locust trees, was used as the stage—the audience sitting on the fairway, under the stars, the performance having been given at night.

The Princess and the Nurse in "The Dragon": Miss Wynne Bayard and Mrs. Henry J. Davenport. The lovely costumes were designed by Mrs. Howard L. Hildebrand, who selected the play, chose the cast, and was responsible for costumes and color schemes.



Center: The Prince and his two Aunts: Mr. Samuel Lloyd, Jr., Miss Dorothea Johnson and Mrs. Hazen Perry. Below: Mr. Francis H. Adriaens in the role of the King. The effective setting was planned by Mr. Howard L. Hildebrand and Mrs. William H. Cary.



THE New York premiere of Stuart Walker's "Sir David Wears A Crown," by the Players of Washington Square College, New York University.

Creative Amateurs And Their Plays

By CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

WHATEVER may be said for or against the Little Theatre movement, it can at least be claimed that it has had an incalculable influence on the amateur groups of this country.

The Little Theatre brought in the experimental idea. Amateurs were made aware that instead of acting a warmed-over success, they could enter new fields, and give plays which had either never been acted before, or had been very rarely produced.

It is interesting to see how this idea caught hold and spread. Local amateur groups, not yet formed into Little Theatres, suddenly found themselves possessed of a new policy in regard to the plays they offered. The manner in which they produced them caused their audiences to sit up and take notice. And in time it became apparent that the audiences, too, had suffered a sea-change. Instead of coming to the plays in a lenient state of mind, prepared to be bored or very mildly amused (as in the case of most amateur productions), they began asking each other: "Have you seen that last play by Dunsany?" or "Did you notice the surprising effect of that palace background? Really, I thought they had hangings of black velvet and cloth of gold; but some one tells me it was just black canton flannel and gilded oilcloth."

Reports from all parts of the country show that with the rise in railroad rates, and theatrical equipment, it is growing more and more difficult to send professional companies on the road. This means that many towns and cities of considerable size can have nothing but the movies until their citizens take matters into their own hands, establishing their own little theatres or community theatres, or, as in some cases, their own unpretentious studio theatres. The college, the dramatic school, the church and the settlement must help—and in many cases, are helping) to keep the

The Play's the thing—and here are plays to meet the needs of the modest, as well as the more ambitious groups of amateur producers and players

spoken drama alive. They are fanning the flame of the experimental idea.

STUDIO theatres, equipped with a stage, a simple switchboard, a cyclorama (often of canton flannel curtains), and a set of screen scenery, are doing pioneer work in the middle West, and in the South, invading the schools, the women's clubs, the town halls, the churches and parish houses. The fact that in most cases their equipment can be packed up, and made to fit whatever conditions they encounter, is in itself, a great asset. Their skill in program-making is also manifest, particularly in connection with the one-act play. These programs sometimes include a play for a mixed cast, a play for a cast of all men, and a play for a cast of all women. The practicality of this will instantly be seen; because later the cast of men can give the one-act play at a man's club or a parish house, or a college; while the play with a cast of women is immediately available for women's clubs. Dramatic schools in the Middle West are taking advantage of such an arrangement, and in this way giving their students opportunities to appear before many varying types of audiences.

As for dramatic material—thanks to the many admirable collections of plays now available, the creative amateur need not search far. Splendid one-act plays for mixed casts can be found in *Fifty Contemporary One-Act Plays*, edited by Frank

Shay and Pierre Loving, published by Stewart and Kidd, Cincinnati. This volume runs the whole gamut of European and American authors. *Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors* (edited by Margaret Mayorga), Little, Brown Co., Boston, is also indispensable. *Little Theatre Classics*, edited by Samuel Eliot, are issued by this same house. *Six Short Plays*, by John Galsworthy, recently issued by Scribners, shows this author in moods both grave and gay, and is an acquisition for any Little Theatre library.

PLAIS for casts composed entirely of women, can be found in a fascinating volume, *Ten One-Act Plays*, by Alice Gersternberg, published by Brentano, N. Y. This collection is particularly popular with studio theatres as well as Little Theatres. *The Feast of The Holy Innocents*, from *Wisconsin Plays* (second series), published Heubsch, N. Y., is excellent for a feminine cast; as is *The Trimplet*, a whimsy, by Stuart Walker from *Portmanteau Plays* (Stewart Kidd Co., Cincinnati); The Baker Publishing Company, Boston, publish *Fleurette and Co.*, by E. Dane, and *Wrong Numbers*, a thrilling one-act melodrama with a cast of three women.

Recently produced in colleges, as well as in Community Theatres, with a cast composed entirely of men, are two deeply thoughtful one-act plays by John Drinkwater, the celebrated author of *Lincoln* and *Mary Stuart*. These plays are *The God of Quiet*, and *X=O. A Night at the Trojan War*. These can be found in his recent volume entitled *Pawns*. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston). Also widely used by men's dramatic clubs are *The Glittering Gate* and *The Lost Silk Hat*, one-act plays from the volume *Five Plays*, by Lord Dunsany. (Little, Brown Co., Boston.) The first of these (Continued on page 134)

Modernizing Shakespeare

By EDWARD HUGH SOTHERN

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE is the backbone of the Anglo-Saxon theatre as Molière, to another degree, is of the French stage. These geniuses of two great literatures live in adjoining ages, Molière being born six years after Shakespeare's death. Both were actors who wrote plays for the companies in which they were employed. Molière exists as a dominant figure on the French stage chiefly through the constant performances of his comedies in the theatre he established, the Comedie Francaise; Shakespeare depends for production in the English-speaking playhouse entirely upon his colleagues, the actors.

it is inevitably the problem of the actor. It is notable that Shakespeare has been nourished both in England and in America by a long line of famous players. From Burbage, Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, Kean, Macready, Phelps and Irving to Forbes-Rodertson; from Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Pritchard, Kitty Clive, Sarah Siddons, Margaret Woffington, Helen Faucit, Ellen Tree to Ellen Terry, the British stage has produced a rank of Thespians well worthy of the labor placed upon their shoulders. No less in America has our theatre seen the glory of impressive names and personalities, the foremost of whom have won their spurs and fame in Shakespeare, from

galleries, libraries and museums. There long has been the dream of a national theatre in this country, but this is far from being realized. Until this materializes the player and the occasional producer must hold aloft the torch.

MY work in Shakespearean drama, which has, with the exception of my Hamlet, been entirely in association with Julia Marlowe, has covered a significant period which bridged a span of years marking a radical and mighty revolution in stagecraft. In 1900, when Daniel Frohman and I put on "Hamlet," the theatre was in the last throes of the Irvingesque-manner of stage

Left

The transition from Orsino's Palace (below) into Olivia's Garden is quickly accomplished by drawing the side curtains out of sight, raising the arched drop at the back, and substituting green hedges in all the openings, the cyclorama giving space and color to the scene. By means of lighting, the neutral gray drapes may be thrown into complete shadow, as in the Ghost scenes in "Hamlet," or they may be transformed in color into a vivid blue, as in "The Taming of the Shrew," throwing the characters on the stage into sharp relief.



Right

The Sothern and Marlowe set for Orsino's Palace in "Twelfth Night." The column-like draperies back stage, flanked above and at the sides by neutral-toned drapes, are part of the permanent set used in all four of the plays in their repertoire this season: "Hamlet," "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Twelfth Night."



This is a signal point. While the classics of other nations are kept before the public on an endowed stage, Shakespeare is maintained in our theatre through the love, ambition and ability of the individual actor. Germany in her state theatres, perpetuates Goethe, Schiller and Lessing. The French government sees to it that Molière, Racine and Corneille are given frequent hearings. Shakespeare, the most tremendous figure in drama, since the Greeks, is produced in foreign countries by subsidy, but in the lands where his language is native it has resolved entirely upon the player to preserve his works in actual performance.

When the problem of Shakespeare arises,

Forrest, Booth, Coghlan, McCullough and Barrett to those of today; from Charlotte Cushman, Fanny Davenport, Adelaide Neilson, Helena Modjeska, Marie Wainwright, Mary Anderson, and Ada Rehan to Julia Marlowe. No other dramatist has had greater interpreters. In fact, until twenty years ago, one could say that the history of William Shakespeare in the playhouse was practically the history of acting in English-speaking countries.

Yet it is hardly fair to place upon actors the entire responsibility of producing the classics. The public does not depend upon private individuals to finance educational institutions, to provide the money for art

production. The old-stagers were just disappearing from the horizon and the new style of stage decoration, of producing and of acting was not yet established. When I recall that early "Hamlet," and contrast it with the "Hamlet" we are doing today, I am amazed at the changes twenty years have brought about. If in 1900 I had been told that Mrs. Sothern and I would be playing Shakespeare with our present backgrounds and ideas, I should have laughed my informant into ridicule. We live and learn.

We hear much of the good old days. No doubt, when Burbage was acting Hamlet at the (Continued on page 136)



A revolutionary village scene showing citizens from Greenville, Greer, Piedmont, Laurens, Walhalla, and Pickens, in the pageant "The Keowee Trail," which was built around the history of upper South Carolina, and presented in Greenville, S. C., last November.

Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMS

Community Service, Incorporated

THE KEOWEE TRAIL," a pageant built on the history of upper South Carolina, was presented in Greenville, S. C., November 11, 1921. It was the work of the community. Over three thousand people of the seven counties of the Piedmont section took part in cast, chorus, band, orchestra and stage managers committee. An audience of 35,000 people witnessed the two performances. They are still talking of it—the wonder and beauty of it all.

It was Greenville's first great historical pageant. In it were correlated many of the traditions and legends, the historic episodes and stirring romance of South Carolina's past, with the special arts of music, dancing, painting and costume designing so that the whole was made one poem. Nothing like it was ever before dreamed of in the Piedmont region.

For the seven counties concerned, Spartanburg, Anderson, Cherokee, Oconee, Pickens, Laurens and Greenville, it has opened a gateway into a new range of community activities, fresh endeavors, and visions hitherto unseen. For the school children of the seven counties it was an epoch-making event, a holiday they will doubtless never forget. For the hundreds of mill workers taking part, it meant the dawn of a new day.

Out of it are already growing plans for the organization of an historical association, of community bands, choruses, dramatic clubs—all under the leadership of local people. The use of the Book of the Pageant written by Mr. William M. Grier, and the History Committee in connection with history courses in schools throughout the Piedmont section, is being considered.

We will hear from South Carolina tomorrow!

No longer to the people of that region will the figures of Catechee, the brave Choctaw girl; Allan Francis, the trader; Chief Otta-Kulla-Kulla, and the rest, be vague and dim figures of a forgotten past, but clear-cut, vibrant, human beings who, holding their own against heavy odds, have given to South Carolina a heritage of action, courage, love and peace worth having and holding always.

IN the Piedmont section," said Mr. L. P. Hollis, executive chairman of the celebration, "we have historical and traditional facts which rival in interest and importance the gripping stories children now study at school. For example, the story of Catechee which is told in the pageant, is to my mind, as beautiful and as remarkable as the famous story of Pocahontas and John Smith. It has often been said that history has been made in the South and written in the North. The purpose of our pageant is to create interest among the people of our section, in our own history, thus increasing their pride in their own towns, communities and in their section."

The pageant was staged in the large amphitheatre at the Greenville County Fair Grounds and was the feature event of County Fair Week and Home Coming Week. The stage was 350 feet long by 170 feet deep. Screens of green foliage with a scenic drop at the center back, 40 feet wide, gave the forest scene. Through this green vista a painting of the Keowee Trail with its rocks and waterfalls, gave far perspective. A number of tall pine trees were planted on the stage and during

the Indian scenes the tepees could be seen in their shadows.

THE entire project was in every sense a community undertaking, carried through with superb efficiency and skill by all agencies co-operating, churches, schools, clubs, civic and fraternal organizations and industrial units.

WE, the dwellers in the Piedmont, present the Pageant in commemoration of those who built well in the early years and whose lives and works have not only been an inspiration to all who follow after, but have made our present achievements possible.

"We have gathered legend, pioneer story and history and have woven them together into a dramatic history of the Piedmont from 1730 to the close of the Revolution, and have suggested visions of later progress and achievement." This was the Program.

The radiant part of Catechee was taken by Miss Janie Gilreath; that of stalwart Francis Allan, the trader, by Colonel Holmes B. Springs; the Cherokee chief, Atta Kulla-Kulla, by Major William F. Robertson; Governor Glenn, by Major W. D. Workman; the British leader at Kings Mountain, "the Tory terror," by Colonel Alvin H. Dean. To quote "The Piedmont" of Greenville: "From an historical viewpoint, the pageant was highly instructive. In vivid and impressive manner it brought home to the multitudes who witnessed it the too little remembered truth that South Carolina's history is as thrilling and inspiring as that of any other State in the Union. It was our own pageant, not only produced by our own people, but picturing our own history."

F A S H I O N

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by the
Actress and the Stage*



AMONG other events that will characterize the mode of 1921-1922 is the so-called "period frock." That is, instead of having to attire yourself in strictly formal evening regalia for social occasions, you may substitute a picture frock of any period and country . . . within limits, of course . . . that you or an expert on the subject thinks suits your type . . . and not only be in the mode, but a bit ahead of it . . . The frock may be Victorian or Moyen Age or Spanish in character, the Spanish type being in the lead of popularity at present. . . . Cornelia Otis Skinner wears a luscious example of such a one in "Blood and Sand" . . . and many actresses are adding the "period frock" to their own personal wardrobes. We offer you here this one of Vera Michelena's, a dinner gown of early Italian atmosphere with its long and straight and sacklike lines, in velvet of that new shade of deep plum.

Edward Thayer Monroe



That a pink pajama-breakfast-suit can be transformed from the commonplace to the sublime with lace, and gold thread embroidery, and notes of contrast in an edging of pale yellow baby ribbon and a green taffeta bow with long ends. See Angelina about the Doll!

Ira L. Hill Studio

MARY YOUNG IN "WE GIRLS" HAD THE FOLLOWING CLOTHES TIPS TO OFFER



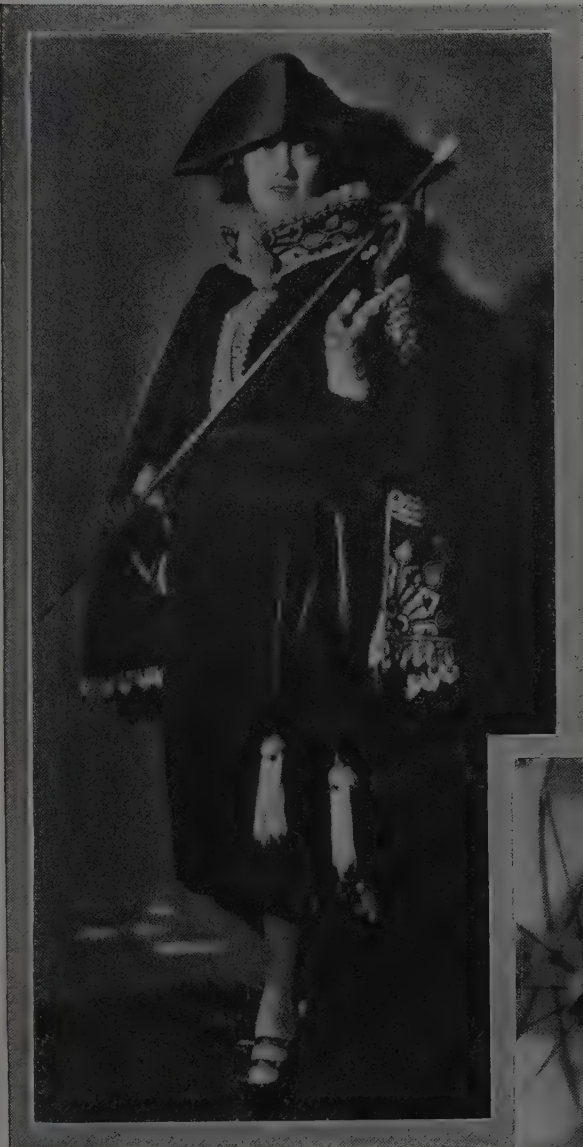
That what makes an imported watermelon-ioned blouse in heavy crepe "different," is an all-over embroidery done in "just plain white cotton thread." Also that one's necklace clasp should now be worn on the side. (It has been Miss Young's fate lately to portray nothing but blondes, but off the stage she is dark-haired, and bobbed.)

And that a flesh-colored crepe Royal dinner gown may show the utmost simplicity in the modern lines of length and trimming, the latter being only a pearl and crystal plaque at the low waist-line with "pends" and crystal and brilliant shoulder straps, if you have the figure to wear it.



ALMA TELL SHOWS WHAT'S NEW
FOR TOWN AND THE SOUTH

Models from Bonwit Teller



Fab Studios

Fashion has settled that the frock with its attendant separate cape will be one of the very best features in day costumes for the coming season. Miss Tell wears an original Callot model of this type in black Kasha cloth trimmed with grey kimmer and grey yarn embroidery. The accompanying Napoleonic hat of black satin with its jet ornament is also "just over."



It is of white silk, the jacket of this summer sports frock, and is sleeveless, to be worn over a fluffy lingerie blouse. The skirt is in one of the new shades of fuchsia-purple, and the jacket, to link the two, embroidered with a chain stitch in the same tone



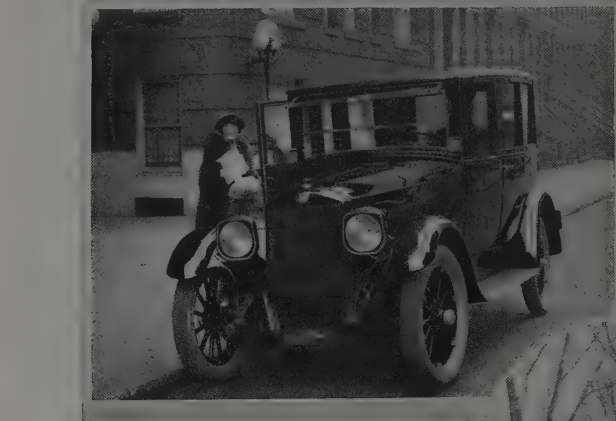
A dream of beauty—Alma Tell, in this hat of openwork white straw, flanked on either side with enormous white gardenias and bright green laurel leaves! The hat is worn with a lingerie frock in English eyelet embroidery, finely soutached and Irish laced.

The Motor Car

From A Woman's Point of View

THERE is no doubt that everything a woman surrounds herself with takes color from her character and individuality. In former years this was not so apparent—too much personality was considered not in good taste, and a certain prescribed conservatism in everything was *de rigueur*. But in recent years, the expres-

sion of one's personality in no uncertain terms, is an accepted and well recognized fact. Thus it has come about that designers of motor cars now admit that the fashion element enters strongly into the manufacture of cars. This is not only true of the type of motor known as a "woman's car," but of every type made, and the reason for this is undoubtedly that women are an 80 per cent factor in the buying of cars in this country.



Combining elegance, comfort and durability, the Studebaker Special-Six Sedan is admirable for all-round use.

There is one class of car, however, that shows the greatest percentage of change, namely—the town car. This is readily understandable when one realizes that a car of this model is used as a background and frame for a woman on more different occasions, both formal and informal, than any other type of car. It is quite natural then, that as the style in clothes changes from season to season, so the style of cars of this sort must change to be in harmony.

Perhaps more than ever before, the smart woman realizes that good taste is an inclusive term and has no boundaries. It takes in everything in her sphere, and most certainly includes such an important factor as her motor car.

The fashions of the moment are therefore, one might say, almost entirely responsible for the latest development in motor car design. To be sure this change from season to season is not as apparent in the actual body of the car as it is in the interior arrangement, upholstery and accessories.

It is a matter for rejoicing that the recent passion for fittings and accessories on town cars has almost entirely subsided, and the ginger-bready, Christmas-tree effect,



Adele Rowland and her husband Conway Tearle, find the Essex Coach equally comfortable and convenient for either town or country use. The ease with which it is handled gives it an especial appeal to the woman who drives her own car.



Particularly popular with women is the famous Stutz Roadster. It's dashing lines and grace of build suggests the fleetness of the greyhound.

cellence, "smartness, durability and practicability" necessarily has a great influence on the motor car industry.

The simplicity of the lines of the new cars make an admirable foil for decorative purposes, and it is here that the cleverness of the upholstery and accessories are shown to advantage. Fads in motor car "hardware" as it is called in the trade, have been completely done away with, the equipment is of the simplest and the discriminating woman no longer has vases of flowers or things of like unimportance adorning her car.

Upholstering the car is another item to which particular attention is being paid. Plain fabrics are used with very few exceptions, the variations being whip cord or striped patterns in two tone effects. The vogue for small figures in wall papers, hangings or upholstery fabrics shows its influence here. The subdued, muffled tones are the most popular and of these tans, brown, greys and taupes are accented most strongly. Stripes are a strong note—according to the individual taste, these are narrow or wide in velour, plush, mohair, broadcloth and whipcord. These materials in neutral tones blend perfectly with whatever color a woman may be wearing and the fear of an inharmonious ensemble never arises.

As one looks over the different makes of cars there is an interesting point that is repeatedly noticed. The accessories that

have survived, the hardware that remains, are of superior workmanship and material. Door handles, robe rail, window regulators, etc., have an air of richness and conservatism that is typical of the belongings

Taking woman as an eighty per cent factor in the purchase of motor cars, and also taking into consideration the present day standard of buying, it is a foregone conclusion that their accepted standard of ex-

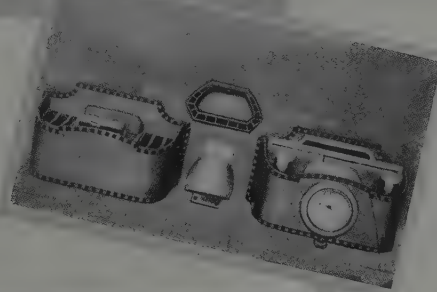
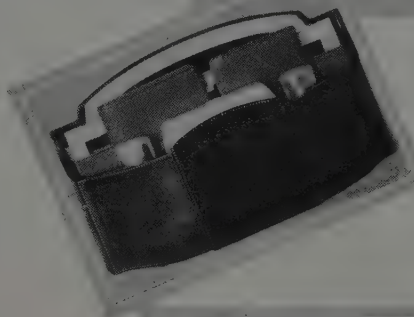
have survived, the hardware that remains, are of superior workmanship and material. Door handles, robe rail, window regulators, etc., have an air of richness and conservatism that is typical of the belongings

of any discriminating woman or man.

One is impressed with the skillful workmanship and design with which the motor car accessories are made. On this page is a picture of four closed car accessories of the highest type—smoking set, containing electric cigar lighter, cigarette case and ash receivers, vanity case with scent and smelling-salt bottles, double Dorin case, card case, memorandum pad, mirror and clock, the small lights that adorn the two back corners of the car and a most attractive door handle. An interesting development of the latest accessories, as can be seen by the pictures shown, is that they are all made of wood. Very few are of leather, as in former years, and the wood used matches the wood-work in the interior of the car. Walnut is perhaps the most popular, and shares honors with mahogany and the light colored woods.

These wooden cases for smoking sets or vanity boxes have inlays of burl walnut, maple, and in the more expensive ones, of silver and gold. An attractive conceit is to have a monogram or coat of arms inlaid in silver in a mahogany or walnut case. Striped effects gotten by having inlays of the same wood running in the opposite direction are original and smart.

Conservative to a degree but rich in appearance is the mahogany vanity case the tiny inlaid border of walnut gives the appearance of nail heads. Accessories from Joseph F. O'Brien Mfg. Co.



Complete set of accessories in light maple, with checked border of mahogany inlays. The vanity case and smoking set items are of leather in a matching shade.

Small lights, set in flush with the interior of the car, framed in narrow strips of base metal or Sheffield plate and having opalescent glass covers are a very attractive feature.

Restraint and tones of quiet taste characterize all the fittings and upholstery of the better type motor car, whether it be the very expensive models or those of moderate price. The tendency is toward comfort, practicability and convenience, without sacrificing anything of good looks, rather, the appearance is enhanced by the lack of gaudy and spectacular display.

There is one quite definite demand, namely for the closed car that has greatly influenced the motor car industry. In this demand the power of the feminine view point as a factor in car building is quite obvious. The arteries of motor traffic leading into New York will bear out this fact, and another proof is the recent closed car show.

This fact is given a new impetus to motor car design, and one that was badly needed.

A need was felt by women for the closed utility car, not too large, not too expensive, one that could be easily handled by the woman, and still, one that was in all ways presentable and had an air of smartness. One would imagine that this was a large order to fill, but it is one that has been met with great success in many cars, notably the Hudson, Studebaker, Essex, Haynes, Kissel and others. Of course the sporting

Graceful body lines, expert finish, and sturdy qualities in mechanism and build characterize the Kissel De Luxe Sedan, and make it a car for all-round use by women or men.



Distinguished from the multitude of motors by its individual fenders and aluminum steps, one-man top, etc., the Haynes four-door, four-passenger tourster possesses a strong appeal for those who like individuality in cars.

type of car such as the Stutz roadster always has a steady demand.

Perhaps the most popular moderate price car is the Essex coach, which is an ideal woman's car and one of which the builders may well be proud. As a handy car it is excellent. Its specifications places it in the class with the high type car, duplicating as it does certain of the features of such cars as the Cadillac, Packard, etc.

There are many reasons for the popularity of the closed car, especially with

women, and probably the chief one is that one can start out dressed for any occasion, and be sure that one will arrive at one's destination not the slightest bit "mussed-up." In the old days of the open car many a perfect day has been utterly ruined by the knowledge that no matter how perfect an appearance one presented on starting out, the end of the journey would find one dusty, blown to bits, and generally conscious of putting one's worst foot forward. Is there anything more disconcerting? We can imagine the chorus of "Nos" from the entire feminine portion of motor users.

Like the apartment that all city dwellers dream of as some day finding, the closed car is cool in summer and warm in winter, free from the annoyance of excessive dust and above all extremely comfortable. Women choose a car as much if not more, from the sense of feeling than anything else. The smooth running of the engine means not half so much to them as the smooth riding of the car, the softness and depth of the upholstery, the resistance of the springs to shocks and bumps and the comfort of the fittings.

So it happens now that men when buying a car will concede to the wishes of the woman, or

women, of his family in the matter of upholstery, lines, color, comfort, fittings, etc., and confine his attentions to the engine, the exterior and mechanical fittings, and the general durability of the car.

For many years Europe has been using the type of small moderate priced, good looking car, that is now in demand here in America. These cars have lasting qualities and not expensive to operate—two factors that loom large in the mind of the prospective buyer, particularly if it be a woman to

whom all-round worth is now a necessary factor in buying.

The designing of motor cars is fast becoming as problematical as is the writing of plays. Hits are few and far between. What the public will accept or enthuse over no one may tell. One thing is certain, however, and that is, the public of to-day—at least where motor cars are concerned—is entirely different. Formerly it accepted that which was offered to it, but today it makes known its desires.

The warm toned rough plaster walls of the dining room make a good background for the fine copy of Van Dyke's portrait which hangs above the rarely beautiful Venetian wrought iron console. The torcheres which balance this interesting grouping are of brass.



THE NEW TOWN HOUSE OF ALICE BRADY

Interiors by Hampton Shops

An interesting example of a city house remodeled to form a harmonious background for its owner. The dark beauty of Alice Brady seems to demand the warm colorings of early Italian settings, while Miss Elsie de Wolfe, the former owner of this house, surrounded herself with delicate French backgrounds of the late XVIII Century.

Old blue and dull gold, which tones into the putty colored walls and carpet, forms the scheme of this dining room with its draw-top table of dark carved oak and old cabinet of walnut. The windows are hung in beautifully proportioned draperies of blue and gold silk damask, while the paintings, the painted screen and the old tapestry lend color contrast.

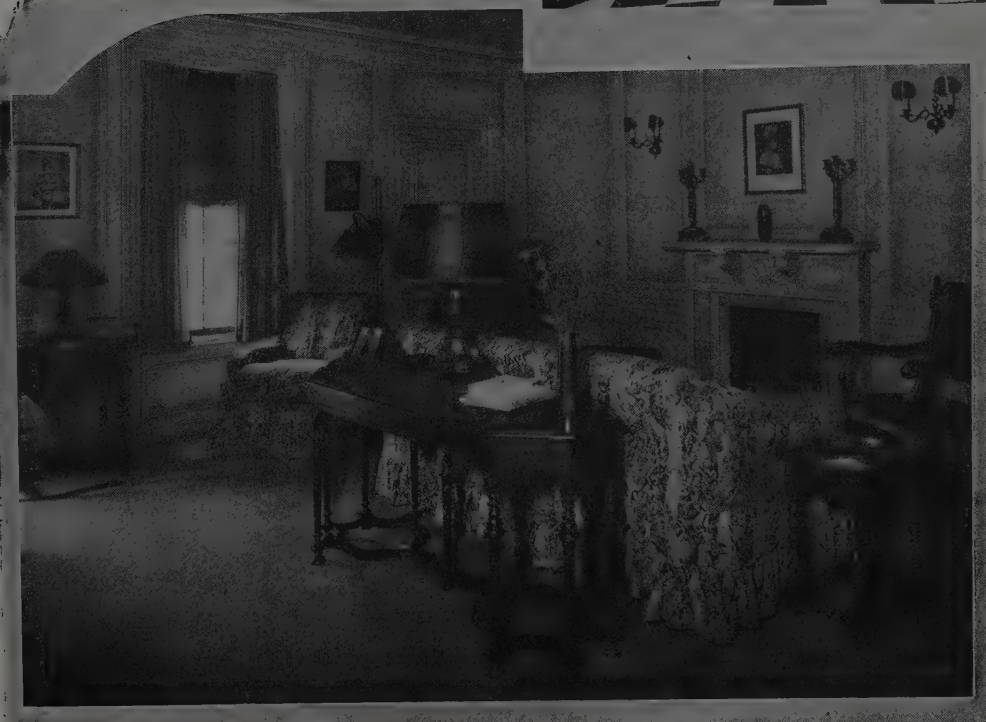




The drawing room with its warm putty-toned rough plaster walls and dark oak cornice has a beautiful mantel of carved Istrian stone as its center of interest. Around this are grouped the deep seated chairs and sofa of carved walnut covered with Florentine velvet of mulberry and gold. Interesting little carved walnut cabinets balance the sides of the grouping with the beautiful old Italian floral paintings in their carved pearwood frames hung above. The window draperies are of Italian striped silk in low tones of blues, greens, gold, mulberry and coral.



In the entrance hall the window draperies and covering of the long walnut bench, before the mirror, are of deep red silk damask, the floor is of black marble blocks alternating with white, while the door and window frames, as well as the little niches which hold bronze busts of Pan, are marbleized. The chairs are old Italian pieces, their backs covered in interesting old embroidered applique.



The study is a simple, intimate, comfortable room with ivory glazed walls and gaily flowered chintz covering the big over-stuffed chairs and sofa. The walnut tables and chairs are of early English design, the window shades are red with black fringe and the overdraperies straight casement cloth curtains.

The Promenades of Angelina

She attends a Sunday evening performance of "Madras House" and visits "Lady Nic"

I HAVE a new young man . . . very new, and very young . . . He's a Roumanian . . . frightfully interesting, with large dark eyes that stare and stare at you. He's over here studying social conditions, and it is his bias to think I'm "so interesting" because I'm "doing something." I know he believes me much deeper than I really am, and it's to my present interest that he keep on believing so . . . for he certainly does entertain me with his Balkan points of view. And then they say, "you've never been loved until you've been loved by a Roumanian!"

Of course, Tubby and Edwin tease me unmercifully . . . But anyway—I had this to fling back at them—it was the young Roumanian who was responsible for my seeing "The Madras House" down in Grand Street at the Neighborhood Playhouse, which I wouldn't have missed for anything. He was surprised when he found that they'd come to almost the last week and I hadn't been to the play.

"But you must go," he said. "It is just in your line . . . a very keen satire on Woman and the Fashions . . . I *weel* take you . . . There is a performance Sunday evening, and it is very smart, as you like to say, that one goes then." (Funny how often a newcome foreigner seems to know more about one's own New York than one does oneself!)

So, of a Sunday evening we tripped it down to the East Side, going first to an atmospheric little Roumanian restaurant, and then on to the Neighborhood Playhouse, where, true enough, limousines from uptown were crowding the curb. The gentleman was right in every respect . . . the play was wonderful . . . the lines too witty and delicious . . . and it was magnificently acted, especially by three of the most attractive Englishmen, Warburton Gamble, Montague Rutherford, and Dennis Cleugh.

Afterwards, we went round behind the scenes, to see if we could induce Mr. Rutherford—whom I had met before—to

come out for a bite . . . and there was the good-looking Mr. Cleugh as well, still in the smart, braided morning coat, and white spats of his stage appearance . . . and watch chain . . . I make special mention of the watch chain, because an Englishman has some magic in his method of wearing it . . . just what I haven't been able to analyze . . . the chain assumes so much more of a feature than with other nationalities. The Englishman not only wears it, he displays it . . . Oh, but always in the very best form . . .

Quite apart from everything else, "Madras House"—the name represents a fashionable dressmaking establishment in Bond Street—offers the most glorious example of the transforming power that clothes may have . . . I'll have to explain a little . . . In the first act, laid in the drawing-room of the Huxtables, Denmark Hill, London, where a deadly Sunday morning call is going on, the room is full of the Lauras and Minnies and Claras and Janes of the Huxtable family—"a family of daughters," as Mamma explains with deep and poignant utterance to Major Thomas (the smart and gallant Mr. Cleugh).

The daughters appear to be the last word in awfulness . . . all in hideous, ill-fitting, home-made brown stuff dresses, slightly round-shouldered, with hair-colored hair wound in tight knots at the back, teeth that seem to stick out and chins that seem to go in . . . totally without what Broadway might designate as "sex appeal" . . . Yet, to your immense surprise, you find later that

what looked just like nature, was only clever make-up, when the most hopeless two of the sisters turn up in the Bond Street scene as the most fetching of the *mannequins* imported from Paris.

With a chance to display the whole of a charming back in a French frock, with hair beautifully dressed and faces enhanced by darkened eyes and scarlet mouths . . . with accessories of the latest mode in slippers and alluring fans, they are a true transformation from grub to butterfly . . . I wish every woman who has despaired over her own appearance could see this stage demonstration of how the costume makes the woman . . .

To shift the subject brutally . . . isn't it stupid that the best dancing partners are so often the dullest to spend the intermissions with! They are dreams at dancing, and then in between times it becomes a problem of how to keep them amused and not fidgety . . . I'm sure it's to meet that need that the amusing latter-day fad of dolls for grown-ups has been invented. Anyway, they've saved *my* life on loads of occasions . . . You can't think what a lot of conversation—or rather tongue-wagging—you can make out of them. Only you must be imaginative in your selection, and you must keep changing them all the time.

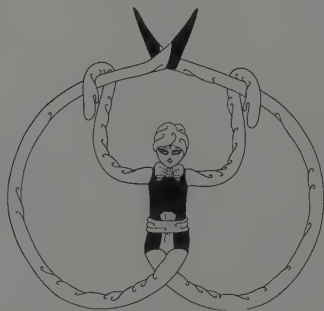
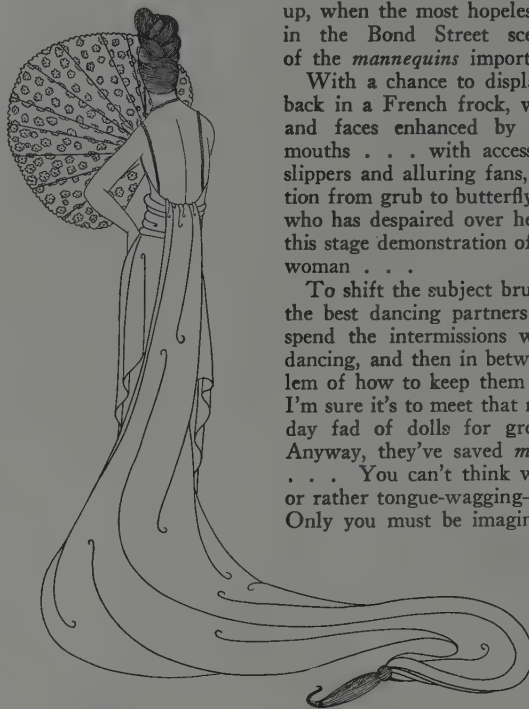
Mary Young has the most fascinating one I've seen so far. She carried it in "We Girls," and sports it off the stage, too . . . It has a Machiavelian expression and diabolically long and sinuous legs . . .

"What is his name, Miss Young?" we asked. (That's one of the most important talking points . . . the name). And . . .

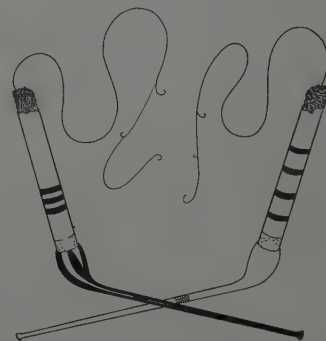
"Depraved," responded Miss Young, "his first name being Utterly . . . Utterly Depraved!"

If you could see the subtle countenance of Utterly, and the many weird, yet uncannily human, postures that he can assume you would realize how well he has been called . . .

New York has something absolutely new in shops . . . absolutely fascinating, too . . . a "smoke-shop" for women . . . (Continued on page 130)



Let me introduce you to "Utterly Depraved," the newest in dolls for grown-ups, whom Mary Young particularly favors, and who escorts her about furnishing much material for gay badinage with his wicked expression and long legs that tie into double bowknots



At "Lady Nic," an innovation in shops, one finds everything with which to make an art of smoking—special cigarettes and holders and cases of a bewildering variety. These are the latest in holders, of amber and black, some with slender bands of brilliants.



Miss Cecil Arden, Mezzo Soprano, Metropolitan Opera, subject of two portraits by the celebrated Campbell Phillips, and recipient of many flattering screen offers writes:

Photo. Collection 3746

CECIL ARDEN
MEZZO SOPRANO
METROPOLITAN OPERA CO.
16 WEST 68TH STREET
NEW YORK

My dear Sirs—It is a pleasure
for me indeed to recommend
Hinds Honey + Almond cream to
everyone who values a pure cream
which really does what its advertise-
ments claim it to do. It is the one
cream which I have used for years
which has become a permanent part

of my dressing-table. Particular-
ly soothing to the skin after the
make-up is removed it keeps the
skin white + smooth. If applied
regularly to the arms + hands be-
fore retiring it will keep them
in perfect condition in the winter.
I would not be without it.

Cecil Arden
Metropolitan Opera Co.

MANY women who have been using Hinds Honey and Almond Cream on the hands and arms do not realize how delightfully beneficial it is for the complexion. The same distinctive qualities that soothe and heal windburn and sunburn will keep the skin of the face and neck soft, clear and refreshed, thus enhancing the charm of natural skin beauty. It is fragrant, refining.

Let me suggest that you begin to use this gratifying cream now so you may have that soft, velvety skin throughout the winter even tho daily exposure to bleak winds is unavoidable. Apply only sufficient to moisten the skin, use it morning and night, also before and after an out door trip.

HINDS WEEK-END BOX contains six trial size packages of the fascinating Hinds Cream Toilet Requisites—pure, fragrant, refined, beneficial. Charmingly boxed in old rose, 50c. Postpaid.

Ask your dealer for Hinds Cream Superior Toilet Requisites, but if not obtainable, order from us. We will send postpaid in the U. S. and guarantee satisfaction.

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FURS



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Furriers

Fifth Avenue - Between 35th & 36th Streets, New York

The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD



WE were having lunch at Pierre's with Olga Cook—she's the star "Blossom Time" you know—a beautiful gossiping lunch with interchange of notes about everyone on the stage that we knew. What they looked like when we'd seen them last, and "if not, why not," and all that sort of thing.

"Now, there's" we said, mentioning a young and popular dancer. "We saw her on the street today, and my word! . . . She had on a smart frock . . . but her skin . . . how dead, how dingy! What is she doing about it!"

"She isn't doing anything to it," responded Miss Cook, "that's just her trouble. She's lazy, doesn't take care of her complexion. I've seen her come in after the performance and go to sleep with her make-up on. Such a mistake! You may think you're getting away with it because you're so young, but it will make a huge difference later."

"Makes a difference already," we interrupted. "She isn't getting away with it, as we just told you."

"Yes, but even more later on," insisted Miss Cook. "Did you see that beauty specialist said the other day, that the skins of the future women of forty were going to look very different from the skins of the average forty today. Because the young, modern woman realizes fully the advantages of beauty treatments, of daily care, and acts accordingly."

"Incidentally, then, tell us who is guarding your lovely skin?" we asked. "that is, unless it's a secret."

"Oh, no secret!" laughed Miss Cook. "That wonderful person, Madame Libbe is responsible for mine. She's responsible for a lot of us at present. Alma Tell and Vivian Martin and Viola Dana and Alma Simpson . . . I met Miss Simpson only this morning at Madame Libbe's, when I went for my weekly beauty treatment. She had one *chaise longue* and I had the other and we talked across. After she had gone off carrying a huge jar of Creme Leona for her Canadian concert tour, Madame Libbe told me what a hit Miss Simpson had made with her complexion on her concert tour in South America. Even the papers talked about the whiteness of her skin, and seems . . . Madame Gadsby is another who swears by Madame Libbe."

So our interest being tremendously piqued by all this, especially having such a lovely blonde witness in front of our eyes, we asked Miss Cook for further details of the wonderful Madame Libbe.

She was comparatively a newcomer in the beauty field, related to Miss Cook . . . at least in a strictly business sense. Though for years she had been making these creams from special formulas in her possession, for the use of her friends, who could find nothing like them on the market. They went down on their knees to Madame Libbe for more when they ran out. Finally, thought Madame Libbe to herself, if I am to be a benefactor at all, why not be so on a large scale. That was the beginning a year ago. Her success was instantaneous, as the preceding part of the story testifies.

Madame Libbe lays emphasis on two creams, her Creme Leona, and Baume Radiant. The very look and smell of them alone—naturally, and from Miss Cook's tale we rushed to call on Madame Libbe—gives you confidence in their beautifying qualities. The Creme Leona is for cleansing—and making it does clean!—and feeding the skin. The Baume Radiant for awakening the circulation. And how it does awaken! You can feel the blood come tingling up into the face almost immediately on applying it . . .

These two creams form the basis of Madame Libbe's beauty treatment—very simple and natural one, and they are so remarkable in themselves, and so easily applied, that they make the most splendid creams for home treatment. Happily for you, they may already be had in several of the New York department stores!

(For Madame Libbe's address, where she gives her beauty treatments, or for the names of the department stores selling Creme Leona and Baume Radiant, write The Vanity Box, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 East 39th Street, New York City).

MISS INA CLAIRE

Selects Quaker Tuscan Net
for Her
New York Home



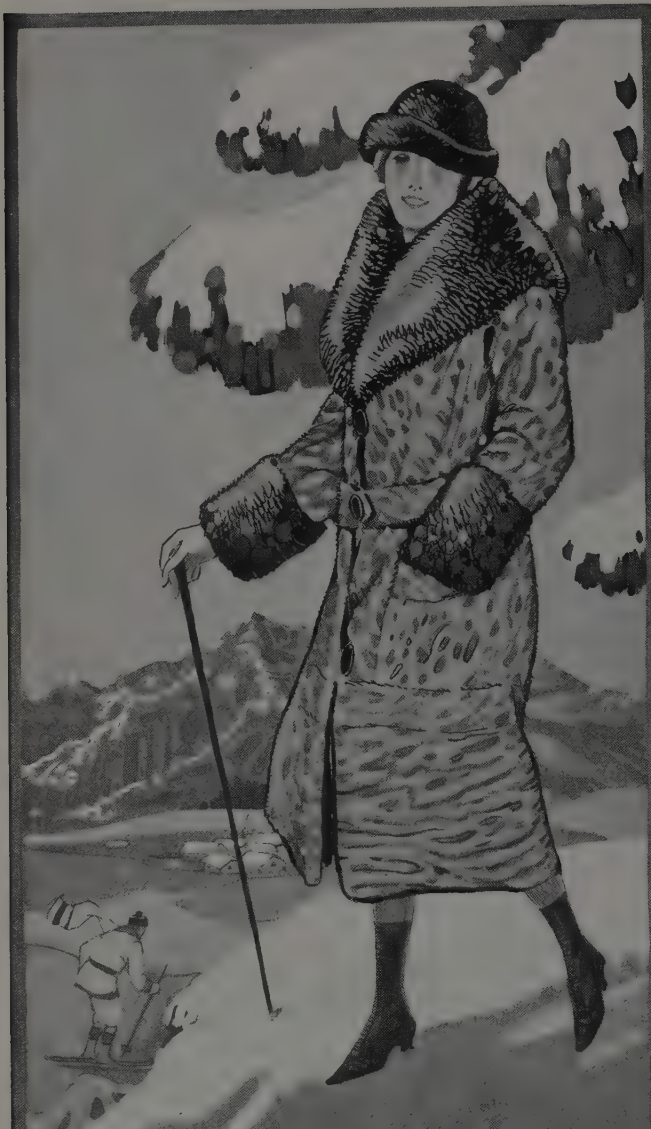
NO one can dispute Miss Ina Claire's claim to popularity. As the spirited, amusing heroine of the "Gold Diggers", she delighted thousands with her sparkling charm. Her performance this year in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" brings her new honors. Her home is quite as dainty as her impersonations. In her boudoir she has used Quaker Tuscan Net most effectively. There is a bewitching little dressingtable with net flounces, and a spread for the day-bed to match.

A particularly original touch has been given by dyeing the net French blue and using a blue lining as well. Ribbons and ruchings add a dainty note.

These articles were made under Miss Claire's own supervision, and she has kindly furnished us with directions for making them. We shall be glad to send you these directions without charge if you will write us.



QUAKER LACE COMPANY
ills, Philadelphia Wholesale Salesrooms, 890 Broadway, New York



January Reductions

from the usually moderate prices of all our Fur apparel emphasize the values which have always given prominence to Gunther Furs. Our entire display, from most elegant wraps to the smallest Fur pieces, is presented during the month at unusual price concessions.

Gunther

Fifth Avenue at 36th Street



ZOE AKINS—A PLAYWRIGHT OF IDEAS

(Concluded from page 76)

and I began to feel that I must be boring him horribly. Then suddenly, out of nothing at all, he asked, 'Got any ideas for a long play?' That started me, and I babbled on about my whole box of tricks.

"But nothing pleased him. I felt thwarted. I actually could have wept at the thought that this was my chance and that I was apparently making nothing of it. Then suddenly from nowhere at all—probably from sheer sub-conscious effort to 'deliver the goods'—the idea for 'Daddy's Gone-A-Huntin'' came to me, characters, curtains and all—and with the phrase 'God knows' at the end of every act, that has since worked up such a quantity of discussion! I spoke it all out to Mr. Hopkins almost as quickly as it came to me. There must have been something magnetic either in the idea or in the way I told him for, for the first time that afternoon he sat up with some interest and said laconically, 'I'll produce that.'

"You swerved very suddenly from pure comedy to a highly pensive type of drama."

"Because *idea* as such has come to mean far more to me than *plot* as such. Character more than situation. Therein lies the essence of as fine drama as one can ever hope to write, I suppose.

"The drama of internals and the drama of the results of action, rather

than the drama of action itself, appeals to me more strongly, I think than any other kind. It would have been easy for me to have, for instance, given the scene of the death of the child in 'Daddy's-Gone-A-Huntin'', with both of her parents, the bedside joining hands once more in the moment of anguish and mutual despair. There would have been undeniable dramatic 'punch' to such a scene but, after all, would it not have been arrant melodrama, calling for a vicarious emotional thrill? By presenting the internal drama of what was actually going on within the breasts of the two parents after that bedside-scene had occurred of stage and after the death of the child I procure something more nearly in line with the effect it pleases me to handle."

"And these ideas that flit into your mind—do you jot them down. Do you keep a note-book as recommended by the 'How to Dram' books?"

"I've tried it. I've started them but they fizzle out, I'm afraid. I don't get so very many ideas and more frequently, when I am getting them I scarcely realize it. They're just seeping into my unconsciousness to incubate for a while and burst out later in a form so well dramatized that I no longer need write them down to remember them. Instead of that, I usually get after them as soon as I can!"



SHAKESPEARE'S OWN HANDWRITING

(Concluded from page 78)

Shakespeare's hitherto acknowledged handwriting, the cumulative evidence in favor of the identity of the writing of the signatures with that of the addition to the play of "Sir Thomas More," which has been elicited by the scrutiny of the documents, is far more conclusive than might have been anticipated."

The first person, according to Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, to suggest that the manuscript in the British Museum was in the handwriting of Shakespeare was Richard Simpson, a Shakespearian student, who in 1871 brought his studies to the attention of the world in "Notes and Queries." But Simpson could not substantiate his claims. It remained for Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, forty-three years afterward, to take up the trail where Richard Simpson had lost it. He had not been long on the work when he announced:—

"At length we have what so many generations have vainly desired to behold—a holograph manuscript of our great English poet!"

To those who believe that the birth of Shakespeare was of more importance to the human race than the birth of Columbus, Napoleon or Edison, this announcement by the greatest living authority on Shakespeare's handwriting will produce a thrill comparable only to the thrill an astronomer would get when a planet beyond Neptune should suddenly swim into his ken.

So sure is Edward Maunde Thompson that he has at last found a page of a play in the great poet's handwriting that his cold, scientific misgivings rise to something of lyrical expression when he concludes the preface to his book thus:

"Who could have made bold at any time within these last hundred and sixty years to proclaim that he would set you upon it (a Shakespeare manuscript) need only raise his hand and take it down from its shelf in the Department of Manuscripts of the British Museum?"

Well, Mr. Sothorn did—almost.



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Isabella
de Lalaing

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Internationally Famous

The Ostend—"Queen of the Continental Seaside Places"—the most popular and the most fashionable in Belgium. Its beauty and fame have a direct influence upon the zest with which its devotees play and—dress—particularly in the "internationally famous"

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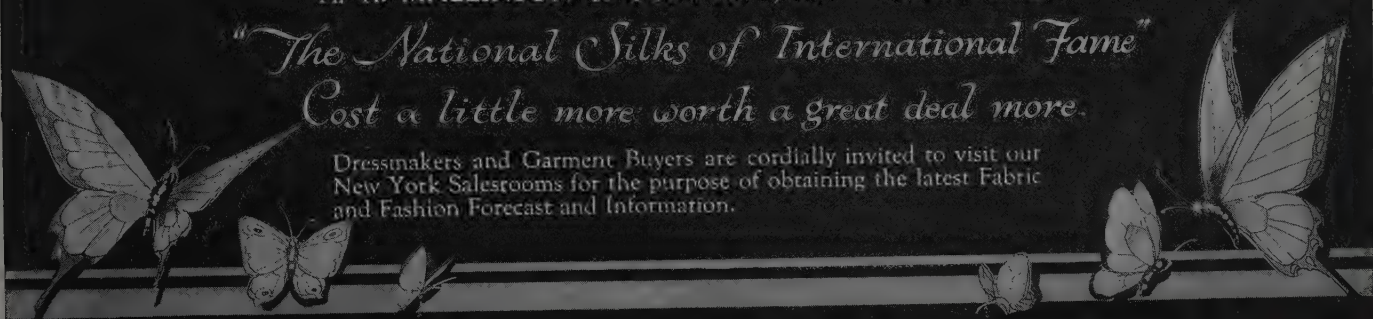
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The Clever Woman Stays Young



"Here Dwells Youth"

WHEN a woman is tired she goes on "just an hour longer." She hides weariness just as she hides pain, and thinks she is clever!

As a matter of fact, she is not clever at all, for what she suffers in silence she pays for in added years, in those tell-tale lines about the eyes and mouth.

Men are so much wiser. When they are tired they rest; when they are ill they not only admit it, but make considerable fuss as well.

And so the same years which place their unmistakable stamp on a woman, leave a man with the smooth face of youth.

All women know this, although they do not like to admit it.

But women need no longer have these lines of age, that sagging chin, those weary eyes which belie the youth in their hearts. There are three things to do:

First, when you are tired or ill, rest and take care of yourself.

Second, mold away the marks of weariness or illness by the new Primrose House method.

Third, keep the tell-tale signs from coming at all, by adopting the Primrose House way.



Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream: Cleanses the skin, removes all impurities, and steadily improves the texture of the skin. It will leave your skin scrupulously clean and with the fragrance of real rose leaves. \$1.04, \$2.08, \$3.64.

Face Molding Cream: This cream is the medium for the famous Primrose House Face Molding Treatment. It renews and rebuilds the tissues of the skin and fills up hollows under the eyes. If molded in for a few minutes daily, it will keep the skin firm and smooth. \$1.30, \$3.12, \$5.20.

Balsam Astringent: If you wish to reduce a double chin, make sagging muscles firm, tighten the skin or relieve puffiness under the eyes, you will find nothing so satisfactory as Balsam Astringent. It will keep the contour firm and young and it has crisp, invigorating fragrance of a grove of pine. \$4.16.

Porefiner: An astringent cream to reduce enlarged pores, refine the skin and relieve a tendency to superfluous oil and black-heads. It also relieves the shiny appearance of the nose. \$1.30.

For from Primrose House has come a wonderful Face-Molding Treatment which seems magical in its effect—but which is simply common sense based on sound physiological knowledge.

It holds out to every woman the priceless gift of good looks.

Call at Primrose House if you can and let our Expert Diagnostician advise you, without charge. Or—if you cannot call—

Send for the Confidential Diagnosis Sheet

Our Diagnostician has prepared a Confidential Diagnosis Sheet which you may have simply for the asking. Better still, when you return this chart carefully filled out, you will receive a personal letter advising you about your individual problems.

Of course, you know how Primrose House came to be. A group of women, led by Elsie Waterbury Morris, who have spent years and thousands of dollars in acquiring information in regard to beauty—for their own use—decided to go into business with this information as their capital.

Some of the recipes these women have tried for years with brilliant success are:

Primrose Hand Cream: This is a faintly fragrant finishing cream in pure jelly form. Use it always after washing the hands to counteract the effect of the soap, and always before going out. It gives the hands a lovely smooth finish and keeps them soft and white. \$1.04, \$2.08.

Superfluous Hair

There is nothing that causes a woman so much misery and that so mars her beauty as superfluous hair. With this thought in mind, the experts of Primrose House have given especial attention to the manufacture of a product that will really remove the hair without, in any way, injuring the skin. The result has been Prim—a scientifically perfected preparation for removing superfluous hair, particularly from the face. Its use will cause the hair to grow softer and finer and finally to disappear entirely. Box, \$4.16.

You may come into Primrose House for a Prim Treatment, carefully given by a registered nurse, or you may use Prim quite easily in your own home, if you prefer.

ELSIE WATERBURY MORRIS, Vice President

PRIMROSE HOUSE

Gallery H

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NEW YORK CITY

"A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT"

(Concluded from page 88)

keenly while he speaks). You mean that you've made a mistake—

MARGARET: (*Misunderstanding*). Yes.

GRAY: —that the last five years goes for nothing—that you don't care for me.

MARGARET: Gray!

GRAY: Wait. That you've never cared for me—that you don't want to marry me—

MARGARET: How can you say these things to me?

GRAY: But aren't they true?

MARGARET: You know—you know they're not true.

GRAY: Then what do you mean when you say, "I won't come?"

MARGARET: I mean—Hilary. I've got to put him first because he's weak. You—you're strong. . . . What am I to do?

(*Sydney has come down the stairs with her mother's wrap*)

GRAY: Why, you're to do as you choose. I shan't force you. I'm not your turnkey. I'm not your beggar. We're free people, you and I. It's for you to say if you'll keep your—conscience, do you call it?—and lose—

MARGARET: I've lost what I love. There's no more to lose. . . .

SYDNEY: (*Strung up to breaking point*). Mother, you shall not.

MARGARET: Sydney!

SYDNEY: (*Coming down to them*). I tell you—I tell you, you shall not.

MARGARET: (*Sitting down, with a listless gesture*). I must. There's no way out.

SYDNEY: There is. For you there is. I've thought it all along, and now I know. Father—he's my job, not yours.

MARGARET: (*With a last flicker of passion*). D'you think I'll make a scapegoat of my own child?

SYDNEY: (*Sternly*). Can you help it? I'm his child. (*She throws herself down beside her*). Mother! Mother, darling, don't you see? You're no good to him. You're scared of him. But I'm his own flesh and blood. I know how he feels. I'll make him happier than you can. Be glad for me. Be glad that I'm wanted somewhere.

MARGARET: (*Struggling against the hope that is flooding her*). But Kit, Sydney—Kit?

SYDNEY: Bless him, I'll be dancing at his wedding in six months. . . . (*Flippantly*). I'm off getting married. I'm going to have a career.

MARGARET: The love—the children.

SYDNEY: (*Strained*). No children for me, Mother. No children for me. I've lost my chance forever.

MARGARET: (*Weakly*). No—no—

SYDNEY: (*Smiling down at her*). But you—you take it. I give it to you.

MARGARET: But—

SYDNEY: (*Dominant*). What's the use of arguing? I've made up my mind.

MARGARET: But if your father—

SYDNEY: (*At the end of her endurance*). Go away, Mother. Go away quickly. This is my job, not yours.

Gray and Margaret go out and presently Hilary and Miss Fairfield come in for tea.

HILARY: I thought I heard the sound of a car. (*Suspiciously*). Where's your mother?

SYDNEY: She's gone away.

HILARY: (*Stricken*). Gone?

SYDNEY: Gone away for good.

HILARY: Where?

SYDNEY: Out of our lives.

HILARY: With—?

SYDNEY: (*Quickly*). Out of our lives.

MISS FAIRFIELD: (*Furiously*). This is your doing, Sydney.

HILARY: (*Dazed*). Gone! Everything gone.

SYDNEY: I'm not gone.

HILARY: But that boy—?

SYDNEY: That's done with.

MISS FAIRFIELD: You've jilted him?

SYDNEY: Yes.

MISS FAIRFIELD: Like mother, like daughter. . . .

HILARY: (*Broken*). I don't see ahead. I don't see what's to become of me. There's no one.

SYDNEY: There's me.

HILARY: (*Not looking at her*). I should think you'd hate me.

SYDNEY: I need you just as badly as you need me.

HILARY: (*Fiercely*). It's your damn clever doing that she went. D'you think I can't hate you?

SYDNEY: (*Close to him*). No, no, Father, you want me too much. We'll make a good job of it yet.

HILARY: What job?

SYDNEY: (*Petting him, coaxing him, loving him, her hands quieting his twitching hands, her strong will already controlling him*). Living. I've got such plans already, Father—Father dear. We'll do things. We'll have a good time somehow, you and I—you and I. Did you know you'd got a clever daughter? Writing—painting—acting. We'll go on tour together. We'll make a lot of money. We'll have a cottage somewhere. You see, I'll make it up to you. I'll make you proud of me. . . .

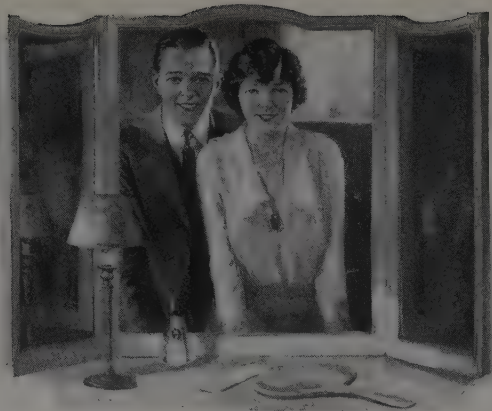
(*His arm goes around her with a gesture, awkward, timid, yet fatherly*)



"Mercy, Jack, don't go so fast on this wet asphalt!"

"Don't be alarmed, dear; these Kelly-Springfield Kant-Slip Cords don't skid."

THE factor of safety in the Kant-Slip Cord can scarcely be overstated and unlike most tires that really won't skid, Kellys will deliver long mileage, too. Here is a rare combination of Safety and Service at the same price you will have to pay for other tires that have always sold for less than Kellys.



The Charm of white teeth comes in this way

This ten-day test will show you clearly the way to prettier teeth.

You will also know that those glistening teeth are cleaner, safer teeth. You will see and feel the film removal. The results will surprise and delight you. Compare them, for your own sake, with the old way of teeth cleaning.

That dingy film

A dingy film—a viscous film—accumulates on teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It clouds the teeth's luster and fosters attacks on the teeth. Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

The film is what discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of many internal diseases.

Teeth left unclean

The tooth brush used in old ways leaves much of that film intact. Then night and day, between the teeth and elsewhere, it may do a ceaseless damage.

Teeth are left unclean. Thus millions find that teeth brushed daily still discolor and decay.

Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing until very few escape. And the reason lies largely in that film.

Now we remove it

Dental science has now found two ways to fight that film. Able authorities have proved them effective. Now leading dentists everywhere are advising their daily use.

Both are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste which meets every modern requirement. Millions of people now use it daily. And

the use is fast spreading all the world over, among people who care for their teeth.

Five vital effects

Pepsodent, with every use, brings five desired effects. It combats the film, wherever it may cling. It leaves the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Pepsodent twice daily brings these important effects. To countless homes around you it has brought a new dental era.



Results are quick

The results are both quick and conspicuous. One can see and feel them. One cannot doubt the benefits they bring.

Send the coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch all the delightful effects.

The book we send will tell you why they come. In a week you will know a better way to brush teeth. And we think you will always employ it.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.
The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PL

(Continued from page 100)

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE MOUNTAIN MAN." Play in 3 acts, by Clare Kummer. Produced Dec. 12, with this cast:

Wellington	Lawrence Eddinger
Mary Vaughan	Lucia Moore
Lulie	Marjorie Kummer
Virginia Delaney	Grace Reals
Aaron Winterfield	Sidney Blackmer
Major Miles McCloud	Fred Karr
Carey	Chester Morris
Delaney McCloud, "Del"	Catherine Dale Owen
Jess	George Fawcett
Laura Bayne	Marion Abbott
Stephen Bayne	Leonard Rowe
General Verterin	E. J. DeVarney

CLARE KUMMER has put a fair quantity of her whimsical humor and a large quantity of quite impossible theatricalism into her first effort with a "serious play." "The Mountain Man," while by no means one of the poorest plays of the year, is decidedly not one of the best, and it is into the latter class that we have been given to believe Mrs. Kummer's every new product will fall. That comes of having a reputation that must be lived up to!

There are some distinctly diverting moments during the five scenes of "The Mountain Man," and they serve to emphasize the fact that Clare Kummer's forte is light comedy. In the field of pure drama she appears to have a penchant for such banalities as the crude country boy suddenly brought, for the first time, amidst refined surroundings; the antique plot complication of the hero's uncertain birth, and the girl of good, but poor family, who must marry an impossible lout with money in order to resuscitate her folks' finances—there are not one, but two of these in "The Mountain Man." One is a bit surprised to find in the Kummer play, in other words, stuff that the author herself would pooh-pooh if she saw it in another's play.

Both author and actor co-operate, however, in making the character of Aaron Winterfield, the rough mountain man, a singularly real one. The larger share of credit goes to Sidney Blackmer for an effective and highly intelligent performance. Even on the frequent occasions when, at the playwright's whimsy, the crude Aaron steps almost entirely out of the character, as when in the first act, after appearing to be mortally afraid of the girl who proposes to him and turning her down in real mountaineer style, he holds out his arms and invites her to enter them, Blackmer's playing is so sincere and controlled as to make what he is doing appear natural and acceptable. As I predicted before, when he made his first hit on Broadway in "Not So Long Ago," this young Southerner is marked for important things in our theatre.

Catherine Dale Owen is charming as one of the girls that needs a hus-

band, and Marjorie Kummer, daughter of the author, as the one is not only charming, but delivers her lines with understanding an accomplishment which Miss O fails in consistently. Two old-time Lawrence Eddinger and George Fawcett, do excellent work with supporting parts, as does also E. J. DeVarney. The play has been staged adequately save for the settings, by Robert Mond Jones, which miss the mark in a manner not usual with that accomplished artist.

PUNCH AND JUDY. "THE GREAT BROXOPP." Comedy in 3 acts, by A. Milne. Produced Nov. 15, with this cast:

Nancy Broxopp	Pamela Gaythorn
Mary	Marie Davenport
James Broxopp	Iden Payne
Benham	John M. Troughton
Alice	Eula Guy
Honoraria Johns	Margaret Nyblom
Jack Broxopp	Alfred Shirley
Irish Tenderden	Betty Linley
Sir Roger Tenderden	George Graham
Nora Field	Mary Richards
Ronny Derwent	Kenneth Thomson

WHIMSICALITY and charm behind A. A. Milne's comedy "The Great Broxopp," and from the author of "Mr. Pim," a great deal may be expected. This piece does not disappoint you. Written during the war—and much of it, in fact, at front—"The Great Broxopp" is more bucolic than martial in both theme and treatment. The story thread, slender, as is usual in the Milne products, but this play has a human quality and originality of treatment that renders its comedy very delightful and raises it above its class. Full of humor and quaint observation, the piece is capital entertainment throughout.

In brief, the play deals with an impecunious, but pushing young man, James Broxopp who, by sheer dint of advertising "Broxopp's Beans for Babies," convinces the British public that they are the only kind of bean any self-respecting baby can be brought up on. The beans sell like hot cakes and the Broxopps become rich and famous. But Broxopp has a son who soon grows to be ashamed of his father's methods. His sweetheart's aristocratic father, Sir Roger, won't hear of an engagement unless papa Broxopp retires from business and takes another name, and this after much inward struggle and qualms, Broxopp finally consents to do, only later to regret it.

Iden Payne, who plays Broxopp, the famous originator of "Broxopp's Beans for Babies," is an actor of experience. He is capital in the part, although his make-up, at least on the second night, left much to be desired. No actor can surmount the

(Concluded from page 138)

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Any Phonograph Can Play Brunswick Records

The Promenades of Angelina

(Continued from page 120)

where they can drop in at any time and meet their friends and have a puff. The shop is tucked away four steps down on Fifty-fourth Street, just East of Fifth Avenue, and the two charming girls who have started it call it "Lady Nic." One of them, incidentally, is the sister of Catherine Calvert . . . that's how I happened to be of the first to know about the shop . . . Miss Calvert took me there the day after it opened . . .

There's one square room just large enough to be cosy, and big chairs and soft couches . . . As for the decorations . . . too enchanting! And there is every kind of cigarette for you to buy if you run out . . . from the humble "Camel" to the more exclusive "Pall Malls" and "Salisburys" . . . besides one or two brands special to the shop that you have never met before. The latest have satin tips in bright scarlets and greens . . . some are striped in black. And you have never seen so many beguiling cigar-

ette holders . . . it would take half the page to describe them all . . . You may get an idea of two of the newest in the sketch . . . their shape being that of little pipes of amber or black.

Besides the cigarettes and the holders there are delightful imported novelties for smoking, and French perfumes, and baubs and special *bons*. If any of the decorations happen to please your fancy, one of the lamps or the Chinese tapestry or the tinsel wall pictures, you may order it sent home . . . In such cases, it is as well to have your rich young man with you . . . Oh, yes, men come, too . . . Tea is served around four . . . so that's the best time to go if you want to see celebs. The afternoon I was there, Frederick O'Brien, of South Sea Isles fame, who is at present in New York writing a play, was the lion . . . that is, he was until the beautiful Calvert made her appearance on the scene.

FOOTLIGHT HUMOR

Easy

To elevate the stage should not

Cause any great surprise;

We know that every stage has got

To have its kings, and flies.

—Judge.

Manager—You'll have to put more pep into that drinking scene.

Comedian—I don't see how I can, unless you put more kick in the stuff you give me to drink. —Judge.

Vest-Pocket Drama

"Don't you think the minimum has been reached at last in the size of these little theatres?" asked the interviewer.

"Not necessarily," answered the non-commercial producer proudly. "No matter how small they make 'em, I can draw audiences still smaller."

—Judge.

Theatrical Phrases

Laryngitis—Something caught by the star when a play requires rewriting before opening in New York.

Prior Contracts—The reason why a play is compelled to end its metropolitan run at the height of its popularity.

Biggest Hit in Twenty Years—A success.

Biggest Hit in a Decade—A moderate success.

Biggest Hit in Town—A failure.

Premiere—Something which is postponed.

Original Cast—Company of twenty containing seven of the original people.

One Year in New York—Five months in New York.

—N. Y. Times.

NEW BRUNSWICK RECORDS

To hear Theo Karle sing the two delightful balads "Sing! Sing! Birds on the Wing" and "'Tis An Irish Girl I Love" in public has been the privilege of thousands and he has had scores of requests to record them, which he now does with much charm for Brunswick. Don't miss these contrasting songs—the words are clear and appealing and the orchestra is a delight to Karle as it will be to you.

In the world of music the honor of announcing the engagement of Claire Dux as an exclusive Brunswick artist will be acknowledged a great one. Miss Dux's offering this month is "Mi chiamano Mimi" from Boheme. Her perfection of vocalism, her genius in interpretation is exemplified in this reproduction. It is a record that will grow upon every music lover and remain an inspiration to every student of singing.

THE WILLIAM LINDSAY PRIZE

The Poetry Society of America, announces that the William Lindsey Prize of \$500 offered in the contest for poetic drama has been awarded to Mr. Harry Lee for his four-act play, "Il Poverello." One hundred

forty-five plays were submitted in the contest. The judges were George Arliss, George P. Baker, Clayton Hamilton (resigned, and replaced by Jane Dransfield), Jessie B. Rittenhouse, and Stuart Walker.



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IT is the adventure of which she is the heroine or the failure. To triumph, to feel the romance of it, she must put her wits and intelligence against her natural enemies. In winter, particularly, she must guard the skin, protect it from devastating effects of biting wind and bitter weather. Madame Helena Rubinstein—and no one has probed these matters to greater depth—out of her unequalled experience and with the fullness of her expert authority, advises the use,

During the Winter

of the following from amongst her Valaze Beauty Specialties:

VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKIN FOOD, has gained its universal popularity because it yields so freely that lively skin action without which no complexion can long hold its own. It keeps the skin healthfully at work, perfecting it all the time. It infuses freshness, and vigor into the skin itself, keeping away in that manner discoloration, spots, lines, harshness or weather-beaten appearance. Price: \$1.25 \$2.50, \$7.00.

VALAZE SKIN-TONING LOTION is a companion preparation to the Skin-food. It braces and revivifies; prevents, and aids in suppressing, lines. Price: \$1.25, \$2.50. For dry skins, but particularly during the winter, Valaze Skin-toning Lotion Special is recommended. Price: \$2.25, \$4.50.

VALAZE BALM ROSE. Protects the skin, prevents harshness and forms a dependable and lasting foundation for the finishing touches with rouge and powder. Chiefly for dry skins. Price: \$1.75, \$3.50. For skins that incline to oiliness, Valaze Sun-proof and Wind-proof is recommended. \$1.10, \$2.20.

VALAZE CLEANSING AND MASSAGE CREAM: Those who prefer to cleanse the face with a cream instead of soap and water, and in the winter it is advisable to wash less, will find this cream perfect for this purpose. Price: \$1.00, \$1.75, \$3.50.

Madame Rubinstein gives special Treatments for any fault of the skin or flaw of the complexion, and answers any question about the skin or her specialties. When ordering, add war tax of four cents on the dollar, and pro rata. For points west of Miss. River, prices are 3% higher. In Canada plus duty and exchange

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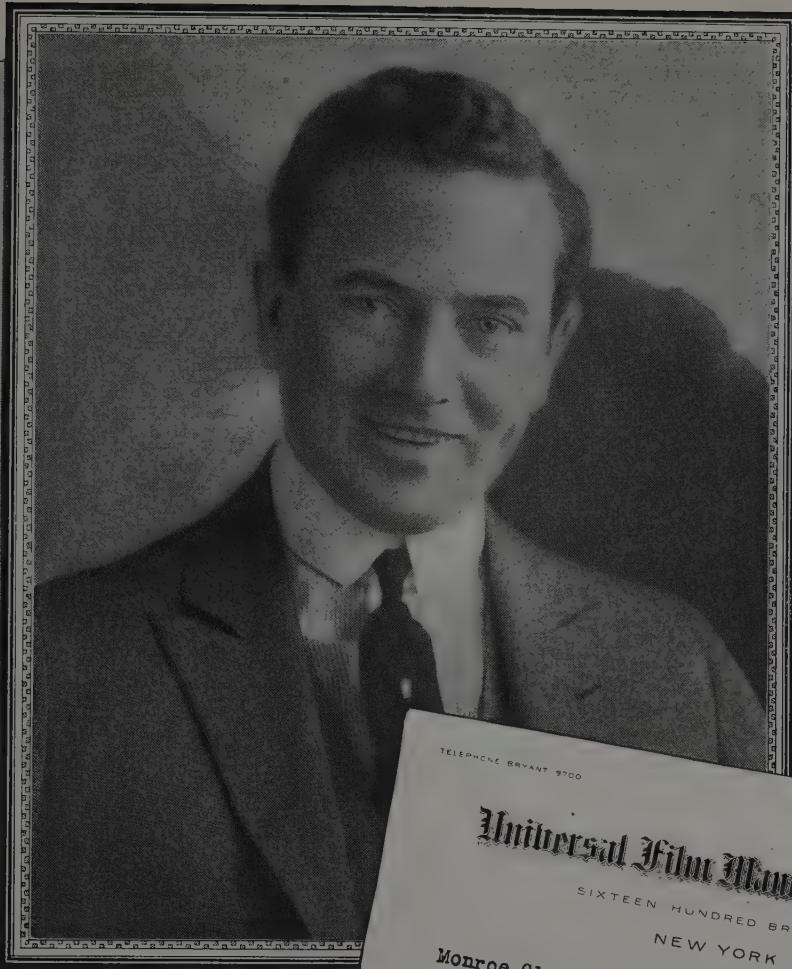
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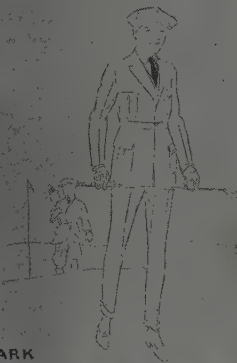
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VICTOR RECORDS

MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 128)

set-back of a wig the forehead joint of which is plainly visible. George Graham scores as the voluble Sir Roger and Pamela Gaythorne is sympathetic as Nancy.

REPUBLIC. "THE FAIR CIRCASIAN." Play in 4 acts, by Gladys Unger. Incidental Music by Maurice Nitke. Produced Dec. 6, with this cast:

Prince Mirza	Claude King
Moussa Beg	John H. Brewer
Ismael Beg	Berkley Huntington
Ionides	Robert Fischer
Lala	John Smith
Prince Regent	Louis Wolheim
Lord Ripley	Stanley Hewlett
Lord Ottery	Henry Carvill
Hon. Claude Faulconhurst	Dennis King
Mr. Fitzjames	Echlin Gayer
The Hon. Charles Hill	Harry Green
Capt. Wingham	Messenger Bellis
Portleight	Roy Cochran
Duchess of Darlington	Kathleen Molony
Lady Ottery	Ethel Dane
Hon. Georgina Faulconhurst	Fay West
Lady Blandish	Nellie Graham-Dent
Miss Priscilla Hart	Helene Sinnott
Zora	Margaret Mower

THERE is color enough in Gladys Unger's play, "The Fair Circasian," but after this statement has been made, its highest claim to praise has been voiced. For the story is an unweildy one, garrulous and tame, and were it not for the somewhat naive arrangement of many characters ornately dressed, the audience would have great difficulty in maintaining the illusion.

The play complicates the modes of the East and the West again in the dialect manner of "The Son Daughter," and similar plays; and the complications are of such a sort that the West is made to appear somewhat barbaric and absurd, while the East is wise, dignified and altogether civilized.

Zora, the heroine, is a picturesque oriental slave who is sent to Europe by the Shah of Persia, as a gift to the Prince Regent. Though the period is that of 1812, England has already made strong laws against slavery, laws which the Persian Shah has evidently forgotten. Consequently, he does not know that when he sends

Zora to England, she instantly becomes free.

But the fair Zora is quickly cognizant of the fact and immediately takes on the privileges and manner of the emancipated. What pleasure she finds in her new life, however, is difficult to fathom. In the first place she has a quarrel with the Persian official who loves her truly and who as portrayed by Claude King, is very handsome fellow, bearded and given to mellifluous speech. In the second place, she has to transform herself into a conventional woman inured to the demands of an English drawing room deportment manual.

Yet, the fair Zora has one unconventional lapse. Somewhere between the third and fourth acts, a dramatic situation develops as someone conceives of the thrilling idea of having Zora entertain his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, with one of her native dances—a sort of neo-Gertrude Hoffman affair. Such a personal divertissement is, of course, quite shocking, and provokes the ire of the young Englishman to whom Zora has incidentally become engaged. According to the best melodrama ethics, he refuses to permit her to dance an encore, thereby causing a great deal of excitement and much general disappointment. Even the audience misses the encore, for the incidental music is good here, thanks to Maurice Nitke, who has encrusted the numerous episodes with many engaging melodies.

Only relatively satisfying was the work of Margaret Mower as Zora. Her personality and power were not great enough to give realism to circumstances that belong properly to the Arabian Nights. Miss Mower has frequently demonstrated her ability, but in this production it is her physical charm rather than her acting which makes the impression. Claude King, evidently bored by the whole affair, was effective and capable as the Persian official. Louis Wolheim was a pompous prince and Helene Sinnott an attractive and wistful near-spinster.



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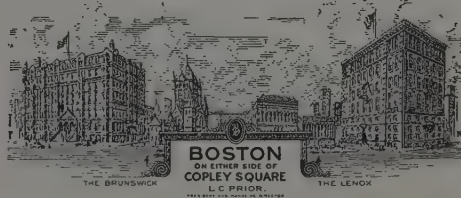
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The Amateur Stage

Creative Amateurs and their Plays

(Continued from page 110)

as almost everyone knows is semi-serious and speculative in import, though touched with humor; and the second is sheer whimsy.

IT was through a college production that the rollicking and flavorsome ancient French farce, *Pierre Patelin* came to be translated and revived. This is in three acts, and plays a full evening. It gives a chance for simple, neutral-tinted backgrounds which can be easily constructed, and for glowing mediaeval costumes which can be copied from Boutet de Monvel's *Jeanne d'Arc*. It is suited to a cast of men and women, and has also been given successfully by a cast composed entirely of men, since there are only two feminine roles, one of which is so agile and strong-handed that a man may well play it. A good acting version can be had from the Walker H. Baker Co., Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass., and another edition, edited by Barrett H. Clark, published by Samuel French, New York.

Four Of a Kind, by Constance Wilcox, is another play of roguery, designed for a masculine cast. This one-act play has a salt whiff of the China Seas in it, and a piratical leit-motif. It can be found in her recent volume, *Told in a Chinese Garden*. (Henry Holt & Co., New York). One cannot read it without feeling that here is the very play not only for a man's college, but for a boys' high school. This, too, is in one act.

WHEN the Community Theatre unites with the church in producing religious drama, services such as Rosamond Kimball's *The Nativity*, and the *Resurrection*, are frequently used—the latter having Bach's Passion Music as an accompaniment. The music can be rented from Tams Music Library, 318 West 46th Street, New York, and both the services can be had in inexpensive paper editions, published by French, N. Y. They are essentially suited to Protestant churches; while the short lyrical play of *The Nativity*, by Katherine Tynan Hinkson, a true poet of Erin, is especially adapted to Catholic churches. It can be found in her book entitled *Six Miracle Plays*. This volume is out of print; but can be found in most public libraries.

Sir Galahad and the Holy Grail, as recently given in The Little Playhouse-on-the-Moors, Gloucester, Mass., with costumes copied from Abbey's pictures, will undoubtedly, be used in the near future in churches that desire a series of elaborate mediaeval pictures. It can be produced with the music from *Parsifal*. But this, of course, means a production costing

more than the average church production.

Because of its poetic simplicity, Alice Corbin Henderson's *The Star of Bethlehem*, from her volume *Adam's Dream*, and *Other Miracle Plays*, can be used either by adults or children with singularly satisfying effect. (This is another of the out-of-print books which can be found in almost all public libraries). Not only does the play contain lines of delicate beauty, but practical stage directions of great value to the creative amateur are given in the back of the book.

FOR plays in a parish house, with a simple stage, well-lighted and hung with neutral-tinted curtains, there is delightful material to be found in some of the ancient and mystery plays that are filled with color and quaint, though reverent, humor. Amongst these may be mentioned *The Nativity and Adoration Cycle of Chester Mysteries*, edited by Frank Conroy. This cycle was first used at the Greenwich Village Theatre, New York; yet is excellently adapted for a stage in a large hall. It needs experienced directing, and a sound knowledge of costume, in order to obtain the best effect. It is published by Egmont Arens, Washington Square Bookshop, New York. A simpler play to produce is *A Miracle Play*, adapted by Samuel Eliot from the *Coventry Cycle of Miracle Plays in Little Theatre Classics, Number 1*. This play can be given by a cast of a dozen men and one woman, or by a cast composed entirely of men. It is a one-act arrangement of a play which was acted in England for centuries. One scene can be used throughout. When produced at the Little Theatre, Detroit, Michigan, it was a great success; and has since been widely used in parish houses.

For strolling players who like to roam from country town to country town in the summer months, giving plays in gardens or on lawns, material is found in such charming pieces as *The Wonder Hat*, by Kenneth S. Goodman and Ben Hecht (The Stage Guild, Chicago); *Told in a Chinese Garden*, by Constance Wilcox, already mentioned; *The Maiden Over the Wall*, by Bertram Bloch (the Women's Press, N. Y.), and *Sanctuary*, by Percy Mackay (Stokes, N. Y.). These are all one-act plays, with the exception of *Sanctuary*, which is in masque form.

With such a growing list to choose from, surely the number of creative amateurs must increase fourfold.

Editor's Note: In the March Issue, Mr. Gilmore Brown of the Pasadena Community Playhouse will contribute an article about the Community Playhouse and its place in the life of the community.

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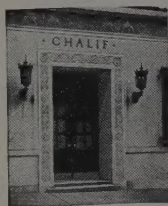
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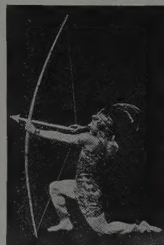
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Modernizing Shakespeare

(Continued from page 111)

Globe Theatre and Shakespeare was writing the plays which have become the chief glory of the English-speaking nations, old-timers were lamenting the passing of the golden era of the theatre. Twenty years from now I am sure the youngsters will be told of the spacious and magnificent epoch of the early twentieth century.

IT was Henry Irving who, following the example of Charles Kean, brought to its finest development in England the realistic scenery of the period. Whole antique shops were looted. The stage was laden with scenery, properties and costumes. Experts were called in to give opinions on archaeological problems. Agents were sent to Venice, Padua, Verona, Elsinore to examine, to study, to copy actual scenes, and an army of mechanics was employed to reproduce to the minutest degree the result of these explorations. Whereas, in former years, audiences had been trained to accept a somewhat modest replica of locality, to allow their imaginations some play, to vest the scenes with reality, the Irving school flouted imagination. Spectators developed an acute critical aspect. I believe furniture-dealers, house-builders and fashion-mongers were eventually turned into dramatic critics in order to cope handsomely with the situation.

SUCH then was the situation when we produced "Hamlet" in 1900. Mr. Frohman recently came in to see our present "Hamlet," and he afterwards told me that he could hardly believe his eyes. In that first "Hamlet" we had all our sets built solidly of wood. Great, expensive, massive platforms, stairways, towers, castles and churches, of which we had been so proud in 1900, were now replaced by simple, dignified, illusive pieces of canvas.

Four years later, when Julia Marlowe and I became co-stars, we continued this method of production. As the public had grown to expect this elaborate realism, we expended fortunes on our plays. Every brick, stone and mortar were there as faithfully reproduced as highly developed scene-painters could depict them. We were so steeped in the process that it would have been heresy for anyone to suggest that we were wrong and that this manner was doomed to failure because it was choking itself out of existence. I must confess that when the new mode of stage decoration first began to make itself heard, I boldly declared it all wrong. "One painted bay-tree," I remember saying to an interviewer in Boston, "can never represent a whole forest for me." It did seem absurd that, when we had spent many weeks and considerable labor and money in order

to make the Forest of Arden as real in our theatre as the Forest of Arden we had roamed in Warwickshire, a vague, uncertain green thing standing in the center of the stage might not only suggest, but actually represent an entire wood in more effective fashion than our thickly grown trees with real leaves and highly perfect trunks.

WE left the stage in 1914. When we decided to act again, we studied all the contributions that had been made by the new school of stage decorators in America and abroad. Our first idea was only to use curtains, but we soon abandoned this as too inadequate. Little by little, our present mode was evolved. Our stage is framed with a false proscenium. To the right and left are a pair of column-like draperies, with a cyclorama closing in the scene. Two sets of draperies, which can be closed, opened partly and draped, or pulled wholly out of view, are hung between the sides of the proscenium and the columns. In these openings, when the curtains are drawn, are placed various pieces of flat scenery to suggest locality. Variety is obtained by the simplest means. The effects are secured chiefly by lighting. Except for the hedges and trees, all the draperies and pieces of scenery are painted a neutral color. The old perspective back-drop is entirely eliminated.

WE have thus endeavored to avoid the hysteria which has marked many modern experiments in staging and yet to obtain new illusion, to stimulate the imagination without straining it and to rid the stage of much "theatrical" lumber which has encumbered it. In one way, we have turned back to Shakespeare's own day, for we have taken from him swiftness and simplicity which are invaluable to his plays.

We do not feel that stage-craft has exhausted itself. What the future will bring forth, no one can foretell. We do not believe that the exotic will ever have a lasting place in the theatre, but out of each movement will come some vital, important change that will add to the wealth of the theatre.

In the end, each advancement will but prove again that Shakespeare wrote great plays, the greatest the world possesses. He can bear experiment and survive it. When any manner begins to stifle his spirit, he will throw it off and make way for new trials and new achievements.

Editor's Note: In the March issue, Mr. Sothern will give our readers the benefit of his experience and opinions as regards other phases of production—in particular, the staging of "The Taming of the Shrew." We shall be glad to furnish the itinerary of Mr. Sothern's tour, to college groups and others who may wish to arrange to see his productions when in their vicinity.



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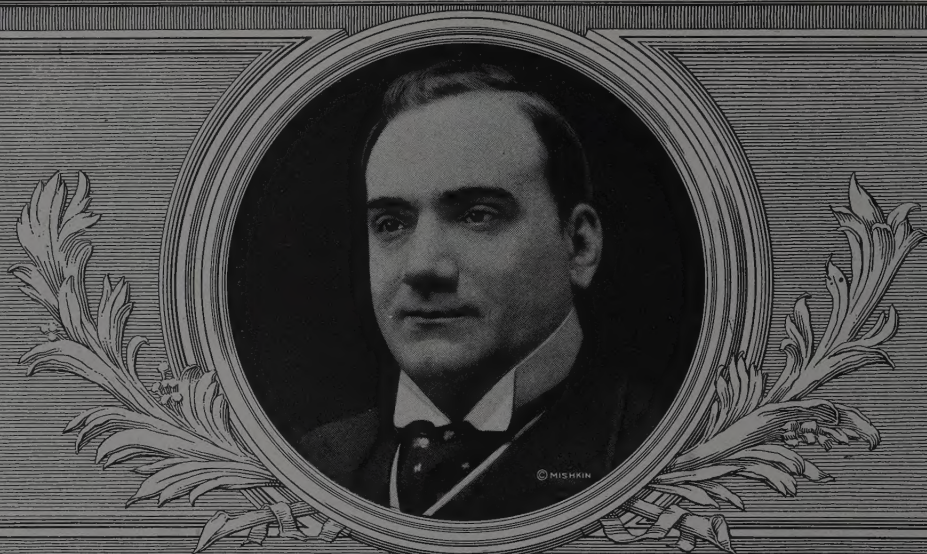
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